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The Critic

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SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893

American Genius in the Public Schools

THE HOUR approaches when the genius of the American people shall be conserved instead of being scattered—the genius of teachers and children in the public schools. The teacher shall rejoice in the consciousness of a right activity, instead of being tethered by unpedagogical requirements. The child shall rejoice in his inherent right to himself, his right to grow. Through self-activity have the nations developed from barbarism to enlightenment. The struggle with material is the way to everlasting life. "It is the activity and not the result of activity which the child values," says Froebel. "The boy wants to try his strength in everything so that his body may grow strong, that his powers may increase and that he may know its measure." "Plastic material is temperate; it is free from the insolence of self-assurance." Representation through plastic material, the externalization of the child's best self is already universally recognized as the child's right in the measuring of his power.

The work of the children of the New York public schools in the educational department of the Press Club Fair was a Froebelian announcement. The hour is here when a multitude of teachers are at liberty to choose, and their choice for the child is development through his own self-activity. In this exhibit there were hundreds of ingenious devices in plastic material,—clay, wax, putty, and paper-pulp, all modelled by school-children. And in colored paper there was nearly every conceivable form cut and pasted. There was an almost endless variety in pencil, charcoal, crayon, water-color, sepia, India-ink, inks of all colors; there was every stitch and material in sewing, and great varieties in leather and wood.

What do I miss in this magnificent display in plastic material, colored paper, wood and cloth? I miss the touch of consummate genius which Josephine Locke and "the old fogies" in Chicago have secured from the children of that unpedagogical city. I miss the wonderful free-hand, broad-lined, spirited work of those thousands of children who flocked to the Board Rooms to examine the local exhibits and compare work—work worthy of a youthful Michael Angelo. Nowhere, except in Florence, among the original sketches of Michael Angelo and Raphael, have I seen such indications of tremendous power and suggestiveness. Miss Locke has proved that almost every child, yes and almost every teacher, is a genius at heart *when at liberty to move unimpeded*. It is freedom that is wanted. It is the philosophy of living out one's own nature and coming into a knowledge of one's own power.

I have been looking for evidences of a higher literary culture in the New York schools. There is an advantage here in the way of freedom of choice. Each principal can select the book she prefers. I have not yet found any public school where the children are so closely connected with the literary life of the country as in the Chicago schools. Ten years ago there was hardly such a thing known in the grammar and primary grades of Chicago as an entire piece of standard literature, a part of the regular course of study. To-day there is not any grade except the lowest in which there is not one book by a standard writer. Without doubt this will be remedied in less than a year, and the teacher in the first year grade will have the liberty to choose from many nursery classics. I have not yet in New York happened to find any public school where the quality of the reading is so good; but in the private schools the variety is endless. I have witnessed two pleasant experiments in presenting literature to young pupils in a private school, and in each instance the reader expressed surprise at the results. Prof. Hayes of Harvard read a play from Shakespeare to three

hundred boys, and the little fellows, the youngest of the school, were so amused at the wit of the play that they chuckled quietly in an endeavor to behave well. It upset the gravity of the Professor, who said it was the first time he had ever read to so young an audience, and it was the first time he had lost his self-control in reading. The appreciation was out of proportion to the size of the listeners. In the other case, Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart read one of her fine dialect stories, and quite lost her composure when she saw the younger boys making convulsive efforts to appear composed.

While as yet I have found the literary (or literature) standard in the Chicago public schools to be in advance of that of the New York public schools, I know that both cities have private schools which demonstrate the fact that the public school teacher needs greater liberty in the selection of books, or a greater number of standard works within whose limit she may choose. I went into a New York school the other day, and from the first reading book handed me I read this sentence:—"The pup bit the cow on the lip." The reader was one of the many furnished to schools on account of their cheapness.

Good literature, like clay and German wax, is a very plastic material in the hands of a teacher of pedagogical instincts. She can adapt simple sentences from almost any standard writing to the use of the child. Here are a few sentences from "The Vision of Sir Launfal," almost as simple as the one quoted, and more psychological in value, since they picture pleasanter things to the mind:—"The little bird sits at his door in the sun." "He sings to the wide world." "She sings to her nest." Here are others from prose writers:—"The song-bird builds low." "Bob White says 'more wheat! more wheat!'" "He whistles at his work." "The cow loves the apple." "The apple is full of sugar." "The jay steals robin's eggs; the robin cries 'Thief! Thief!'" These sentences have scientific weight and a literary ring. Good writers are prolific in the production of pretty, monosyllabic little lessons for first-year pupils. It needs only the artist to seize them.

Primary rooms are apt to be barren of books from which teachers may cull verses or sentences sufficiently simple for blackboard work in sentence-building, sentences entirely rhythmic and literary in quality as well as pithy in the stories they tell. I predict the time when there shall not be a sentence read in the school-room which does not directly relate the child to the literary life of the nation; not a sentence which is not of scientific value or else fraught with some noble sentiment which conveys an impression of the beautiful,—a time when the test of a school-book shall be what it is worth and not what it costs,—a time when the child shall not be left with

"Weak eyes to grow sand-blind,
Content with darkness and vacuity."

Is America to repeat the history of the Roman Empire—the degradation of the masses, the exaltation of the few? Is there any excuse for the existence of reading-matter whose sole recommendation is that it is cheap? Shall wits be dulled, shall lives be impoverished, shall souls be cheapened that the innocents and the masses may have cheap books and a cheap quality of ideas?

The American poet has sounded the key-note of human destiny:—"I will not have anything that everybody cannot have." And there are foreshadowings of this all over the land. "To all I raise high the hand perpendicular!" I predict the time not far distant when no one will dispute for a moment the right of the human being to work out to the highest his personal genius through his own self-activity,—a time when no one will begrudge any human soul its right to grow,—a time when the

nation shall promote and conserve its genius, the genius of the masses, the genius of the laboring people. I predict the time when there shall be no such thing as "reading-matter" published purely as a matter of commercial speculation,—a time when the American laborer shall walk side by side with the American poet, as near and as dear to him as were the ploughmen of Ayr to Robert Burns,—when the veriest drudge shall sweeten her drudgery with the songs of the nation's singers,—when the commonest ditch-digger shall rejoice in his labor with the insight of the naturalist, the intelligence of a Humboldt surveying the continents, the enthusiasm of an Agassiz bending over his microscope.

I predict the time when the university, the college, shall be fitted to the public school and not the public school to the college or university. Instead of pushing its hand down to crowd out the masses, it shall be so related to the public school as to invite and captivate the masses into a continuance of school life; it shall be adjusted to the needs and growth of the young child, not thrusting down requirements which discourage right growth, abnormal development to meet false standards.

Froebel predicts as much and more:—"By education the divine essence of the human beings shall be unfolded, brought out, lifted into consciousness, and man shall be raised into free conscious obedience to the divine principle that lives in him, and to a free representation of this principle in his life."

MARY E. BURT.

Literature

The Stevens Facsimiles

Stevens's "Facsimiles of Documents in European Archives Relating to America." Vol. XVII, \$25. London: B. F. Stevens.

THE SEVENTEENTH VOLUME of Mr. Stevens's "Facsimiles of Documents in European Archives Relating to America" is the most interesting single volume yet published, and, as it is complete in itself, it will doubtless attract the attention of many who may thus be led to subscribe for the whole work, and in so doing aid the most important enterprise now on foot relating to American history. The volume contains the letters of the Marquis de Lafayette to the Comte de Vergennes and the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was his personal friend and whom he addresses with the greatest freedom on the needs of the American revolutionists and the duty of France to help them. It was mainly these personal efforts of Lafayette, as Everett pointed out in his eulogy delivered in Faneuil Hall, Sept. 6, 1834, that caused the army of Rochambeau to be sent to America. Mr. Stevens, in quoting this opinion, adds that only a small part of the correspondence on which it was based has ever before been published.

Some of the letters appear scattered through the volumes of the miscellaneous "Memoirs, Correspondance et Manuscrits du Gen'l Lafayette," which his family caused to be published in 1837. These "Memoirs" even are not now easy to be had. In the appendices to Sparks's "Life of Washington" some of these same letters are quoted, but with alterations and omissions. The whole correspondence between the dates given is now for the first time reproduced; and, like all the other papers in this series, in facsimile of the original, even mistakes, erasures and accidental blots being reproduced with photographic accuracy. A careful translation is given with each letter. The only paper in the volume not from the hand of Lafayette is a very important memoir by the Chevalier de Fleury on the military and political condition of America, dated 16th of November, 1779. This is believed to be the memoir mentioned by Lafayette in his letter to the Comte de Vergennes, Jan. 25, 1780. It considers the thirteen States separately, beginning with New Hampshire, which was "almost of no account in the Confederation," the assemblies merely echoing those of Massachusetts. In Massachusetts the French were "liked more than they were esteemed"; the people treated state affairs "like commercial operations." The writer proceeds in this style to

credit the Jerseymen with "heroic constancy," and to say that patriotism had almost become ridiculous in Philadelphia, while the New Yorkers neither loved nor feared the British. Congress was divided into two parties, that of the East, headed by Gates and Lee, and that of the South, headed by Washington. The few letters of a date subsequent to 1782 which are not included differ so much in matter from those here given—the negotiations for peace were then beginning—that it was not thought well to give them with the rest.

The New Pauline Theology

The Gospel of Paul. By Charles Carroll Everett. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THEOLOGY is the systematized arrangement of religious ideas. St. Paul did not write a theology; that is what Prof. Everett, like many others before him, has done. The performance is perfectly legitimate, in any case, so long as a theology is read out of St. Paul's writings and not into them. Dr. Everett's criticism upon most of his predecessors, from the ante-Nicene fathers to Dr. Du Bose of Sewanee, is that they have first constructed an independent theory, and then read it into the Pauline epistles; and for our part we think that the criticism is just.

With a true scientific instinct the author invokes to his aid the methods of comparative religion. The Vedic religion, the taurobolium or bath of blood, the Carthaginian Kronos whose rite was substantially the same as that of the Moloch of the Bible, the victims of the Athenian Thargelia, rites of purification by lustration or by a sacred dance, the myth of the Eddas and ancient Semitic folk-lore receive attention. This portion of the argument is interesting; but does not the author go too far? If, in the ancient sacrifices of both Judaism and heathenism, the idea of substitution was the least motive, if a motive at all, how then does it happen that Christian doctrine is heavily charged with the idea of substitutionary sacrifice from the first? If it is not in the Pauline writings, or in the Hebrew sacrificial system, or in the custom and myth of paganism, whence arose this terrible afrite? Dr. Everett will not allow even that the "goat to Azazel," the scapegoat, was a substitutionary sacrifice to bear away the taboo of the race. One thing proves to our mind that the scapegoat was so regarded by the Jews. Somewhere in the Talmud we are told that when the scapegoat was sent forth, the High Priest took a part of the scarlet wool used in the ceremony, and hung it over the door of the temple, and when the goat had perished in the wilderness the scarlet wool became white; but after the Lord cast off His chosen people, then no more did the scarlet wool become white. It does not matter whether this was a primitive Hebrew belief or a late introduction, for there it was. Though we may agree with Wellhausen and Robertson-Smith that the primitive Hebrew notion of sacrifice was that of feeding the god, yet it is blindness to discern no signs of the piacular, expiatory and vicarious ideas in the Levitical system as completed for us by its last redactor. The gist of Dr. Everett's valuable book is in what follows, "The Gospel of Paul."

Dr. Everett begins by calling our attention to the truth that Jesus was not crucified because He was accursed, but became accursed because He was crucified (see Deut., xxi., 23). According to this Jewish law He was polluted and polluting, therefore He and all who had to do with Him were by the very provisions of the law thrust outside the pale of the law. They became dead to the law; it had no more bearing upon them. Therefore in this sense it is that Paul teaches that Christ redeemed men from sins—i.e., sins against the Jewish law. The law then ceased to longer be of force to all who lived the life that Jesus lived. In relation to the Christlike life, Gentile and Jew are on the same plane. This in brief is the negative side of Dr. Everett's argument, and we ask the reader to bear in mind that it is purely inductive, drawn from the words of St. Paul. To the constructive element of St. Paul's teaching the author gives less of attention. He points out that according to the teachings of Paul the law continued of force to wicked doers because they were not

crucified in Jesus, and then with approval quotes Pfeleiderer:—"Paul refers to atonement by the death of Christ only in relation to Judaisers." Dr. Everett is not clear whether union with Christ which Paul taught is ethical or material or mystical. To understand this one must study out the Pauline doctrine of God, and the Pauline psychology. These tasks are aside from the purpose of this book. "The Gospel of Paul" is a great book. Nothing better in the line of living theology has appeared in this country in our day.

The method of the work, the temper of the writer and the principles of his argumentation are entirely admirable. The work belongs to the sunrise of a new day of religious thought. Dr. Everett belongs to the little band of theologians who are bravely striving to free the human mind from the eclipse of Augustinianism. Their misfortune and consolation are that they are ahead of their fellows.

"Tropical America"

By Isaac N. Ford. 2s. Charles Scribner's Sons.

IN HIS FIRST letter from Rome, over a hundred years ago, Goethe declared it to be a "morally wholesome thing" to be among a people so sensuous as the Italians, a people so radically different from the one from which he had just come. The gay air, the brilliant half-nude life, the pagan scenery and ruins, the absence of asceticism, the joy in a rich animal existence, built up that side of Goethe again which had been starved at Weimar—the meagre, intellectual German town with its passion for French pseudo-classicism, its muddy atmosphere, its prim maidens and formal gardens. Suddenly let loose in Italy, at Venice, at Verona, at Naples, he was like one transformed: the scales fell from his eyes: he drew in and gave out "Roman Elegies," and a delicious epicureanism fell over and shone through his style which reflected sympathetically a soul born anew into the richest appreciations of existence.

"Tropical America," the descent into the golden Tartarus of the South, might unlock the lips and natures of our unresponsive Goethes in the same way if they would but take the trouble to follow Mr. Ford in his thoroughly enjoyable itinerary and drop vertically, as it were, down into those Hesperian seas whose Theocritus has not yet sung, but where *Habitarunt di quoque silvas Dardaniusque Paris*. A more enchanting journey can hardly be conceived than the one he took: first, through the jewelled isles (one might say *aïdes*) of the many-isled Caribbean archipelago, touching at one and another, noting the sculptural outlines of the great mountain masses, basking in the warm winter air, observing the traits and peculiarities of the polyglot nationalities there holding sway, and drinking in health from the highly oxygenated breezes that sweep in with the trades. After a month out from Newport News the party reached the Amazon and skimmed along the tropic scenery of Bahía and Pernambuco, soon reaching the peculiarly noble bay of Rio and the new and more picturesque Portugal of which it is the capital. The air was still full of poor old Dom Pedro and his penuriousness when Mr. Ford arrived, who heard pathetic accounts of the Emperor's bloodless abdication—or "bundling off," the Princess d'Eu's asceticism (hanging round the alms-bason in church, sweeping out church aisles, personally collecting subscriptions for charitable objects, etc.), and the instability of the Portuguese, rotten to the core with the reading of French romances.

From Brazil he goes farther afield, south to Montevideo, a beautiful city of 200,000 inhabitants, the capital of a republic (Uruguay) of 800,000. He sees everything in profusion here except the American flag—which is as dead in those seas as if it had never lived. South American republics are universally modelled after our own, but really resemble it only as a black silhouette resembles a full-faced photograph. The curse of the whole series of imitations is, says Mr. Ford, the ease with which everywhere the presidency merges into (or rather never emerges from) the dictatorship. In all the Latin republics the president now virtually names his successor—one of his henchmen, of course, who perpetu-

ates all his abuses, paves the way for his possible reflection, and otherwise does infinite harm to the cause of enlightened popular government. South of Uruguay lies the flourishing republic called Argentina, whose capital—Buenos Ayres—has a population of half a million and calls itself the "Chicago of the South." The country is a vast Illinois, *pampas* and *llanos* stretching in flat superficies almost illimitably till the great wheat-fields abut on the Andes. It is full of Italians, and was advancing at a roaring speed till the recent collapse of the Barings, which gave it a serious setback: a tragic example of a whole nation "on a boom," floating on an ocean of paper money.

Mr. Ford hurried from the disaster all around him over the Andes on mule-back, making for Chile through the great gorge now being converted into a sort of railway-tunnel to connect Buenos Ayres with Santiago. He found a magnificent mountain landscape in direct contrast with the ocean-like plains he had left behind him, and a fine, intelligent population, generally of native aboriginal blood refined by a slight veneering of Spanish. The Chilians are the true "Yankees" of the south temperate zone, and not the Argentines: they are even Scotch or New Englandish in temperament and activity; the country is full of railroads and of industrial enterprise, and is less prone to chronic revolution than any other South American state.

Pursuing his circumnavigation, the author buried himself among the volcanoes and Cordilleras of Peru, Ecuador and New Granada, visited Panama and its moss-grown churches, crossed the Isthmus, and passed charming weeks in Central America, where he carefully examined the prospects of the Nicaragua Canal and gathered a mass of instructive detail for and against that long-lived undertaking. The Venezuelan and Colombian confederations come in for a share of intelligent comment and observation; dilapidated Jamaica is elegiacally remembered (an Eden, like all these glorious West Indian isles, given over to an abandoned black population); Mexico is seen with the keen eyes of a New York journalist anxious to do it justice; and Cuba is studied in its economical and political aspects with rare soberness and impartiality. In short, Mr. Ford's book is the most complete monograph we have yet read on South America as a whole. Personal adventure is agreeably interspersed with economic detail; history and anecdote relieve each other; and the reader closes the volume thankful for the information it contains and the interest it awakens in these faraway Latin civilizations connected by so many ties with our more vigorous Anglo-Saxon life.

"The Real and Ideal in Literature"

By Frank Preston Stearns. \$1.50. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.

WHETHER realistic tendencies are to prevail in literature, or whether we are to return to idealism, is a question of perennial interest to the speculative mind, even if it is difficult to find any new arguments on either side. The book before us adopts a method not the most common, for the treatment is philosophical rather than literary. Each chapter is a complete essay in itself, and even those readers who do not care to do the hard thinking necessary to the digestion of the entire book will find interest in some of the critical discussions. The author takes the historical standpoint and forcibly presents the case of idealism, concluding that this element has constituted the immortal part of the work of great artists. He believes that the continued encroachment of realistic elements in modern literature threatens to "crush out everything that is great and elevating," and that the effect of this tendency is shown in the fact that the Anglo-Saxon race has never before been so devoted to the pursuit of wealth. The latter statement might be met on optimistic grounds by the assertion that never before has there been such a wise expenditure of wealth, or a greater desire for the higher good it procures. Perhaps, after all, we are only changing our ideals, not forsaking them.

Mr. Stearns remarks that the ideal is only the plan which the wise man makes for his day's work. The realist will

hardly dissent from this statement. He might, indeed, define the situation by saying that the idealist works downward, explaining things by his original conception of them; whereas the realist takes things as he finds them, and working upward arrives at an explanation which may or may not verify his working hypothesis. The realist, like the scientist, is in search of truth, whether it be pleasant or not, but he would scarcely return an affirmative answer to Mr. Stearns, who asks if it is not the tendency of realism always to interest itself with the "distortions of nature, rather than with what is beautiful and elevated in human life."

The book is dedicated to Fred. W. Loring, a Harvard student of the class of '70, several of whose poems, together with a biographical sketch and portrait, are included in the volume.

Three Books on Sports and Pastimes

1. *Foil and Sabre*. By Louis Rondelle. \$3.50. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
2. *The Horsewoman*. By Alice M. Hayes. \$3.75. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
3. *Coursing and Falconry*. By Harding Cox. *Falconry*. By the Hon. Gerald Lascelles. \$3.50. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

It is a pleasure to note the increasing popularity of athletic sports in this country, and it is to be hoped that rational physical culture will soon receive the attention to which it is entitled by its importance. A healthy body, symmetrically developed, with muscles trained to act in harmony with the mind, is something desired by everyone, but really possessed by very few. And yet such physical perfection could be attained in a large majority of cases if as much attention were given to physical training and to the observance of hygienic laws as is given to the training of the mind. The possession of a sound body and constitution is so essential to the happiness of individuals as well as to the progress of the human race, that physical culture should be a prominent feature in every institution of learning, from the public school to the university, and every town in the land should have its gymnasium under a competent director. It is only when physical training is conducted upon scientific principles that satisfactory results can be obtained. There is an unfortunate tendency to specialize, due to a fondness for some particular sport and to a desire to excel. In most cases, partiality of this sort should be discouraged, but there are certain modes of exercise which are not open to this objection. Fencing, for example, is a notable exception to the rule that specialization in athletics is injurious. The practice of this fascinating art gives suitable exercise to every muscle in the body and greatly improves the general health and vigor. While these facts are quite generally recognized, the difficulties of procuring competent instruction have deterred a great many from taking up this in preference to other methods of training. The demand for more light on the subject of fencing is admirably met by "Foil and Sabre" (1)—a concise and exhaustive treatise on the science of fencing as taught in France, particularly at the National Military School of Joinville-le-Pont, of which the author is a graduate. The book is a very handsome one, with more than fifty full-page illustrations.

Although fencing counts among its devotees a goodly number of the fair sex, it is not likely ever to become as popular with women as riding, which, if properly indulged in, is one of the most delightful and health-giving of exercises. Those who are interested in "Ladies' Riding" will find many good points and valuable hints in "The Horsewoman" (2)—a very attractive volume by Mrs. Alice M. Hayes, whose varied experience in many different countries, with all sorts of horses, and in all kinds of riding, entitles her to rank as a high authority. Her book is amusing as well as instructive, and will be found especially enjoyable by those who are familiar with the slang of the English sporting fraternities. Mrs. Hayes, like all the best authorities on the subject, is much opposed to the substitution of the "cross-saddle" for the side-saddle. In her opinion, the notion that women should ride astride is periodically started by journalists short of "copy" and women anxious for notoriety.

"Coursing and Falconry" (3) is a late addition to the Badminton Library—a succession of volumes treating of the sports and pastimes indulged in by Englishmen and women. "Coursing" has been practised for many centuries, but has never been more popular than it is in England to-day. In an entertaining description of this sport, Mr. Harding Cox corrects the common but vague belief that two greyhounds run after a hare, one kills her—if she does not get away—and wins in consequence. He then proceeds to discuss the Waterloo cup, practical greyhound breeding, the greyhound in training, enclosed coursing, the celebrated greyhounds of the past, and kindred subjects. "Falconry," the most ancient of all field sports, is treated of by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, whose work is evidently that of an expert. In connection with the popularity of hawking in the days of Shakespeare, the author gives a quotation from "The Taming of the Shrew," which "shows so perfect a knowledge of the falconer's practice, and is expressed so exactly in the technical language of a falconer, that it is hard to believe it was written by anyone who was not a perfect adept in the art." The passage referred to is where Petruchio says of Katharina:—

"My falcon now is *sharp* and passing empty;
And till she *stoop* she must not be full-gorged,
For then she never looks upon her *lure*.
Another way I have to *man my haggard*,
To make her *come* and know her keeper's call,
That is, to *watch* her, as we *watch* these kites
That *bate* and beat and will not be obedient.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not."

"Had Petruchio been a falconer describing exactly the management of a real falcon of unruly temper he could not have done it in more accurate language." A complete description is given of the practice of this sport in England in modern times.

"Voodoo Tales"

As Told among the Negroes of the Southwest. By Mary A. Owen. \$1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

KING VOODOO is one of the many jolly kings that reign over the Southern nursery—a being half-genial, half-terrible, who inscribes the infantile walls with his occult hieroglyphics, enthalls the souls of Southern "aunties" and "uncles" with charm and fairy-tale, and harnesses in the beasts of the field and the birds of the air to do his bidding. The Southwest has revealed itself as peculiarly full of this extraordinary lore, just the point geographically where Indian and African life come in contact and mingle their flavors and colors. The ferment of imagination and reminiscence, of fancy and hereditary endowment, working in these simple and superstitious races, has kept alive immemorial faiths and beliefs brought from Nile or Congo or from Aztec neighborhoods, and deposited them for safe-keeping in wigwams and Negro cabins, in the fantasy-loving brains of red or black men where Miss Owen found them thickly overspread with local color or intellectual mosses and lichens peculiar to these races. In Missouri she uncovered, as it were, a "mother lode" of these Voodoo superstitions, running in all sorts of directions, through the demesnes of Brer Rabbit, Blue Jay, Woodpecker and Ole Fox—a labyrinth of animal legends rioting in hues and savors as eccentric as those of the mediæval "Physiologus," the ancient "bestianes" or the fables of Esop or La Fontaine. These she gathers from ancient beldames and house-servants and throws into dramatic forms and dialogues with one "Towhead" (a bright little girl) as main interlocutor, and "Granny," Aunt Em'ly, and others as the Isis whose veil is lifted by the inquisitive miss.

The composition of the scene and stage at once suggests "Uncle Remus and the Little Boy," with the difference that "Uncle Remus" is infinitely more amusing and contains the abundant humor of the author spraying itself finely over the lines, while Miss Owen is reporting facts and fancies simply for their own sake, though thrown into the entertaining shape of stories and recitations. Mr. C. G. Leland, the eminent

folklorist, introduces the tales and pays Miss Owen an extremely high tribute for her industry, accuracy and fidelity in collecting so many odd bits of mythology and demonology for the assistance of the comparative mythologist. The Missouri "mammy" is the unconscious treasure-house of legends older than the Flood, and it requires only a skilful interviewer like Miss Owen to tap these treasures and make them run merrily into the memory or the note-book of the sympathetic contemporary. Grey wolf, snake, skunk, bug, jacky-me lanthum and wuller-wups all tell their varied story, sprinkled with talismans and wizardry of all kinds and garnished richly with "luck-balls" and "cringer-bags" from which marvellous results spring. The quaint illustrations add much to the interest of the handsome book, while Mr. Leland's bracketed explanations of puzzling Negroisms enable the uninitiated to penetrate the Eleusinian mystery of Negro talk without much difficulty.

"HOMÆ SABBATICÆ"

Reprint of Articles Contributed to *The Saturday Review*. By Sir James Fitzjames Stephen. Third Series. \$1.50. Macmillan & Co.

IT WOULD BE difficult to treat "metaphysical" subjects in a clearer and more interesting way than Sir James Fitzjames Stephen does in this volume of studies in theology, philosophy and government. The stress of the book is on eighteenth-century thought, although the first third of our own century furnishes material for some of the papers. Bishop Berkeley, Joseph de Maistre and Edmund Burke are the writers who receive most attention, and among the other names are those of Tucker, Paley, Bentham, Paine and Cobbett. The articles average less than twenty pages each—scant allowance for weighty themes,—but the author has the jurist's power of getting at the heart of the matter without delay, and the critic's power of presenting his opinions in a suggestive manner; so within small space we have concise and lucid expositions of divers systems of thought. The papers are judicial as well as expository, for Sir James does not hesitate to take sides. His position in any controversy is always perfectly definite, and his reasons are presented in a forcible and even striking way. He is not always free from prejudice—witness his reasons for saying Tom Paine instead of Thomas Paine,—but his attacks are all above-board. A noteworthy feature of his style is his ready power of illustration. He frequently disposes of an abstract theory by reducing it in a single sentence to a concrete illustration so obviously in place as to be utterly damaging. In commenting, for example, on Burke's "notion of a justice antecedent to, and by right formative of, all law, and made binding on all men by an immutable divine decree," he asks:—"Did Burke mean to say that God gave two members to Old Sarum, and if not, what precisely did he mean?"

We make room for a longer quotation, which will serve as a fair example of the author's lucidity of statement:—"All constitutional questions being questions of power, and not of law, it is obvious that in practice they may be divided into two classes—questions between sovereign and sovereign and questions between sovereign and subject. On the one side we have questions which arise between the different depositaries of the sovereign power, questions between the king and Parliament, or between the Parliament of Great Britain and the Parliament of Ireland, or the nation's representative bodies in the colonies. On the other, we have questions between the sovereign power and its subjects. Questions of the first order *sound*, as lawyers would say, in civil war. Questions of the second order *sound* in revolution. In questions of the first class the substantial issue, when reduced to its simplest terms, is, Which branch of the Government is, at a particular time, and for a particular purpose, the strongest? In questions of the second order the substantial issue is, Whether the existing Government shall, or shall not, continue to exist as a government." The writer then goes on to show how Burke treated a problem of the second order, the French Revolution, in the same way that he had previously treated problems of the first order. "To have got a

British Constitution out of the Revolution, the history of France ought to have been the history of England."

A paper on *The Federalist* is especially interesting, of course, as presenting from the English point of view a logical analysis of the work accomplished by those famous letters. In addition to the critical essays there are three original papers on "Moral Controversies," "Temporal and Spiritual Powers" and "The Rights of Conscience"—all characterized by the good sense, solid thinking and clear insight which mark the entire book. The author's unfortunate retirement from the bench two years ago is remembered with pity as one lays down the volume.

"General Jackson"

By James Parton. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

THE THIRD VOLUME of Gen. James Grant Wilson's Great Commanders series is a biography of Andrew Jackson—the last literary work of the well-known biographical writer, Mr. James Parton, who completed it only two months before his death. The three-score and ten years of the author are indicated by no lack of vigor in the treatment of his subject, but rather by the skill with which the character of Gen. Jackson has been portrayed—a skill acquired by long experience in analyzing the characteristics of strong men. No shrine has been erected for the hero-worshipper. The deficiencies as well as the good qualities of Jackson are referred to with rare impartiality. But the defects are so far outweighed by the admirable traits in the character of this great man that the readers of this biography will unite in saying, "With all his faults, we love him still."

Andrew Jackson was born in 1767, two years after the emigration of his parents to this country from the north of Ireland. His early education was very limited, and he never became a well-informed man. "He never learned to write the English language correctly, though he often wrote it eloquently and convincingly. He never learned to spell correctly, though he was a better speller than Frederick II., Marlborough, Napoleon or Washington. Few men of his day, and no women, were correct spellers." Before his fifteenth birthday, Jackson had taken part in the stirring events of the Revolutionary War, and had been captured by the British. While a prisoner, he was attacked with small-pox, and would no doubt have succumbed to the disease and bad treatment had not his mother succeeded in effecting his exchange. But almost immediately the death of this noble woman left him a sick and sorrowful, homeless and dependent orphan. At the age of twenty, after studying law, Jackson joined a party of emigrants bound for that part of the Western country which is now the State of Tennessee. There his ability was soon recognized, and until his death he continued to be a power in the political and social life of the Territory and State. His military career lasted nine years, of which about two years were passed in the field. Although at one time a Major-General in the United States Army, he was not a professional soldier, but rather "a militia general, who, when his country was invaded, led his neighbors and fellow-citizens to its defence." In the opinion of some of his friends, he was the peer in native capacity of the great generals of the world, and that this opinion was not without foundation is clearly shown by the record of his military life, especially by his heroic defence of New Orleans, where, with an inferior number of raw troops, he won a most brilliant and decisive victory over the veterans of Wellington, fresh from their triumphs in Spain and France. Two of his favorite maxims were:—"In war, till everything is done, nothing is done"; and "When you have a thing to do, take all the time for thinking that the circumstances allow; but when the time has come for action, stop thinking."

"Spenser and his Time"

By Henry Morley. \$1.50. (English Writers, Vol. IX.) Cassell & Co.

AN ADMIRABLE commentary on Craik's "English Prose" (just published) is found in the last four volumes of Prof. Morley's "English Writers," with the added advantages of

longer extracts and more comprehensive treatment. Of course a single writer even so accomplished as this Professor cannot compete in variety, interest, style and culture with the staff which Mr. Craik has gathered about him to discuss the growth of prose from Chaucer and Wyclif to James II.; but, on the other hand, the sketches in Craik are miniatures rather than full-lengths, minute, exact, delicate, discriminating, but yet miniatures. In Morley a single writer and his time, as Spenser in the present instance, will fill out an entire volume, and the varied play and interplay of authors, the environment, the accessory circumstances so necessary to the full explanation of a writer, the items and details illustrative of a whole epoch, are brought before the reader in due order and proportion, and the advantages of single-handed authorship come out with emphasis. Prof. Morley is not one of those who, according to the French proverb, "croient voir des étoiles en plein midi"; he picks out instinctively all the prominent figures of a period and gives each adequate treatment, without wasting time trying to rehabilitate nobodies or "looking for stars at high noon." The world is pretty well satisfied by this time as to who its great men are, and it is no use throwing away temper or opportunity in trying to increase their number. Spenser was pre-eminently the man of *his* time in all directions but one. His younger contemporary Shakespeare elbowed him aside there—in dramatic art; but elsewhere the author of "The Faërie Queene" appears supreme. He was one of the great men of literature who have combined a common occupation with high poetic ambitions and almost royal achievement. We have only to look at the tax-gatherer Cervantes, the custom house officers Chaucer and Hawthorne, the marvellous clerks Lamb and John Stuart Mill, Addison the Secretary of State, Goethe the Privy Councillor, Mérimée the librarian, to remember what noble things have been done for English and other literatures in positions little congenial to the nurture of spirituality; and Spenser, Sheriff of Cork, is no exception to the rule. Three years from now will be the ter-centenary of the incomplete "Faërie Queene," the finest single poem of its time, which resumes and sums up as it were the precious essences of Spenser's real life, while the external, spectacular part of it was being lived in the inept and unmusical atmosphere of Kilcolman Castle. A man's spirit often runs rich in exile: we need no Ovidian *Tristia* nor imprisoned Raleigh to prove it. Histories of the World and "Consolations of Philosophy" have been written in captivity, and "The Faërie Queene" might almost be designated the "Picciola" of Spenser. So ample in a certain sense were the wings of this rich life that they cover almost the entire reign of Elizabeth and with it the crowd of brilliant and august intellects—Marlowe, Greene, Nash, Raleigh, Hooker, Sidney, and countless others—who filled that reign with intellectual stir and stimulus. Prof. Morley's plan enables him to mass these men pictorially around the twin nucleus of them all, and in this consists its essential value. One may not in every case agree with his valuations of this or that author, but everywhere painstaking, conscientious care is taken to present all possible evidence before the reader for his own appreciations, and that is all anyone can ask. The dedicatory sonnet to his wife, who died just a year ago, shows that Prof. Morley himself has true poetry as well as true pathos in him.

Vol. X. will complete the other half of the subject with "Shakespeare and his Time."

Recent Fiction

A GOOD TRANSLATION of Paul Bourget's "André Cornélis" has appeared under the title of "The Son." The story is a powerful one, clever in its analysis of human nature and thrilling in its interest. It is in the autobiographical form, and begins when the *raconteur* is a child of nine years, with a fact which is the primal and determining cause of all the rest—the tragic and mysterious death of the boy's father. It is a murder, horrible in its details; but as time goes by and the murderer is not discovered the whole thing drops out of people's minds and nothing more is thought of it except by this child, who broods over it constantly and swears that his life shall be given to tracking the man who took his father's

life. His mother marries again, and he grows to manhood and finds the pleasures of youth so beguiling that he almost forgets his vow. An accident rouses him at last, and from that moment vengeance is his sole pursuit. It is in the effect produced upon the individual by this one fixed idea that the main interest of the story lies. Even as a boy it makes him miserable, and it is the ruin of his life; but he hugs it to him as if it were the most beautiful thing on earth, and cannot be induced to relinquish it. (50 cts. The Waverley Co.)

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD's new story, "A Wild Proxy," lacks many of the qualities that constitute the charm of her other books. They have been so human, so interesting; they have borne so unmistakably the stamp of talent of the highest order, that we have grown into the habit of looking for better and better work from her all the time, and are correspondingly disappointed when a volume bearing her name does not come up to the mark. Not that "A Wild Proxy" is stupid or trashy; it is not; it is simply not up to the level of the best Mrs. Clifford can do. It is absurdly improbable, and in other respects does not make amends for this rather disagreeable quality. It is a lesson to practical jokers, however, and if it could be placed in the hands of all persons predisposed to this kind of inanity, and even one of them could be induced by it to see the error of his ways, it will have done all the good that could be expected of it. A man leaves the preparations for his wedding to his intimate friend and best man. After the ceremony, while they are on their way to the station, an accident occurs that delays the husband a few moments. He leaves his wife in his friend's charge, and the latter carries the girl off, taking her first to France and then to Italy, deluding her and her husband with false telegrams all the time. It was a practical joke, but it resulted as disastrously as such things usually do. (\$1. Cassell Pub. Co.)

IT IS A curious thing that a man of Justin McCarthy's talent and standing should feel himself called upon to spend any time, whether he has the leisure or not, in writing novels that could not possibly add anything to his fame. This kind of work is undoubtedly recreation to him, but, in this instance certainly, it is very poor work, and it would be much better for his reputation if he would let such things alone. The title of his new story is "The Dictator," and in it the hero goes out to South America and becomes the head of the Republic of Gloria. A little power turns his head and he proclaims himself Dictator. His people are not disposed to stand this, and they soon drive him away and force him to take refuge in a return to England. There he has numberless curious adventures, and the story is built upon these in a loosely constructed and hopelessly involved manner. (\$1.25. Harper & Bros.)—"THE ODD WOMEN," according to George Gissing who has written a story bearing that name, are those who are, as it were, left over in the world—that is to say by odd he does not mean strange, he simply means that there are not enough men to go round in the matrimonial world, so those women who do not marry are the odd women. The life and adventures of some of these women form his present theme, and a pretty dry, dull theme it is, though it was possible to have made something interesting out of the class of women to whom he has at least given a new name. (\$1. Macmillan & Co.)

"ELIZABETH, CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST" is, as its title will show, entirely absorbed with that most absurd of all theories, Christian Science. Elizabeth, who is a woman of unusual sweetness and strength of character in other respects, really believes that the world is to be reformed by these vagaries of hers. Each case that she handles yields at once to her treatment. At first a man with a broken ankle is cured by her, then a hopeless cripple, and finally a drunkard gives up his vice because she wills that he should do it. The man with the broken ankle falls in love with her eventually, but something occurs to separate them, and then Elizabeth, in spite of Christian Science, falls ill. The difficulty is made up in the end—the woman in Elizabeth conquers the saint and she is happy. She is a deeply religious and a very pure and very attractive character, and if it were not for the hopelessness of the theme the book would be interesting. The story is by Matt Crim, and she has endeavored to put her subject in a new light; but the more such things are illuminated the worse they appear. (\$1. Chas. L. Webster & Co.)—HENRY DE GOLYER goes to Costa Rica in the service of an American newspaper and on board the vessel makes the acquaintance of a young fellow towards whom he is drawn by the man's contrast to himself. They become fast friends and are together constantly. At last the younger man falls ill, and on his death-bed he tells his friend that he was stolen from his home in infancy by his uncle who hated his father and wished to revenge himself upon

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Ruskin's Life and Work

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH CRITIC AS HE APPEARS TO HIS SECRETARY

THE SECRETARIES of celebrated men are not always their most judicious biographers. Literary history is full of those ill-fated friendships between luminaries and their asteroids which have resulted later either in un-starlike disclosures or in astronomical knowledge which one would fain have eschewed. A peculiar myopia affects the Uriels who sit too near the sun. Even a secretary like John Milton—not to a man but to a commonwealth—is apt to be injured by adjacency, so to speak: the object of his contemplation or his veneration is too close to be unselfishly or impartially considered. The Greville Memoirs, on the other hand, reveal much that is unlovely; various people whirled about Carlyle and increased the din and confusion conjured up by active minds around that rather noisy Titan; while the innumerable quasi-secretaries, correspondents or interviewers of Goethe have left behind alternate trails of light and darkness in the wake of their worshipful or simply worldly hero.

Mr. Ruskin is a character peculiarly difficult to handle biographically. His life has been consistent in only one thing—its inconsistency.

From the start he was an Ariel or a chameleon, changing with every subject he touched, now green, now gold, now vermilion with iridescent enthusiasms, like those tiny summer saurians that run over tropic fences and soils and unconsciously imitate in their palpitating life the leaf or the bark they cling to. And he gloried in his changeability. Up to his fortieth year, from 1840 to 1860 or thereabouts, he was essentially the art-

critic, the art-critic of his times, brilliant, varied, restless, vivacious, skilled in the technique of both art and word, a wonderfully interesting draughtsman instinct with feeling and cunning, a master of line and of all the subtle geometries of form that constitute the skeleton of art: an inspired diagram-maker whose black-and-white sketches for illustration, dashed off in hurried note-books and perchance almost immediately abandoned, were themselves half works of genius. His deftness with pen, crow-quill or etching-needle, and the ingenuity with which he used washes to suggest Alpine or architectural coloring, were subjects of delight to those who knew him and were privileged to look into his pencilled memoranda. The birth of "Modern Painters" at twenty-three was one of those soaring miracles the world was accustomed to only in the realm of flowers or of those astonishing mammals that begin to walk as soon as they are born. Ruskin's precocity (pre-ripeness) was the wonder of his time. He resembled those charming specimens of Japanese wood-culture which bear acorns in a jar, or it may be in a tumbler. The callow Christ Church undergraduate wrote with such precision and *aplomb* at Oxford that he began to be quoted as an authority long before ill-health compelled him to abandon the race for honors. The conservatory air of his home had quickened into tropic luxuriance all the nascent germs of genius that lay in the strange Scotch boy whose parents—far Hyperboreans—only half understood the wonderful South-natured creature they had brought into existence.

As the successive volumes of "Modern Painters" appeared, one so unlike the other, the growing, ever-changeable nature of the man became more and more apparent as other passions than Turner, other war-cries than Tintoret, other battle-words than pre-Raphaelitism, emerged from the gorgeous rhetoric or remarkable analyses of art-subjects scattered over the pages. Ruskin's soul went through as many "circles" as Dante in his extra-mundane journey—only Dante ends with Paradise, where Ruskin begins. A study of his face as revealed in the many beautiful portraits of this book (one of which was reproduced in *The Critic* of May 13) yields a sort of autobiography of the man, from the rich, florid, poetic features of the frontispiece to the wild, perturbed, Ossian-like physiognomy of the last picture in Vol. II. One can trace no resemblance between these two ends of the arc—the radiant arc of youth and the desolate arc of morbid and sibylline old age. The change thus visually emphasized began about 1860-61, when the art-work was virtually done and the period of "hermit and heretic" set in. Not only Ruskin's face but his entire mental picture changes from this period. He lapses—if one may use the expression—from art to ethics, and presents the spectacle of a wealthy pessimist preaching reform. The strain of the old Covenant was heard in his solemn appeals on economics, on education, on public morality, on

ideals of culture; he became a heretic in religion, a dissenter in geology, a political theorist with unmanageable notions. From having defended modern painters and their methods against classical traditions, he became a classical worshipper himself, read beautiful things into and out of the myths of Athena, of Cloud and Storm; plant-myths, as in "Proserpina," became living faiths with him, and exquisite fables of Dove and Serpent, of Deucalion, of the Eagle,



BRANTWOOD, FROM CONISTON WATER—MR. RUSKIN'S HOME SINCE 1872

were vital with poetic creeds for a nature originally saturated only with Hebraic associations and memories. The next two-and-twenty years (from 1870 to 1892) were full of growths and undergrowths; for one marked peculiarity of the man was that while one subject was growing and taking shape in his mind, another, in successive strata of spiritual layering, was growing just beneath it, palimpsest-wise, the upper lines of calligraphy but half effacing the delightful pen-sculpturing beneath. He was called to Oxford; he began "Fors Clavigera" (1871-72); his striking work in the undergraduate world went on until he resigned because the University permitted vivisection to be introduced; he founded his Guild, gave of the fortune he had inherited until barely enough remained for his comfortable wants, and wrote and wrought until repeated attacks of brain-disease sapped his vital forces; and now, in the words of Mr. Collingwood's last chapter, he rests: "*datur hora quieti*."

A more admirable biography than these two volumes of Mr. W. G. Collingwood's (\$5, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) we have seldom read—discreet, sympathetic, logically wrought out, helpfully explanatory of a most complex and apparently self-contradictory career, and full of just the data that one wants in order to understand an extraordinary life. His own fulness of information, gathered from twenty years' association with Mr. Ruskin in many different capacities, has been amply supplemented by Mr. Ruskin's immediate relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Severn, and by countless friends, students, cataloguers and bibliographers of the critic's works. All

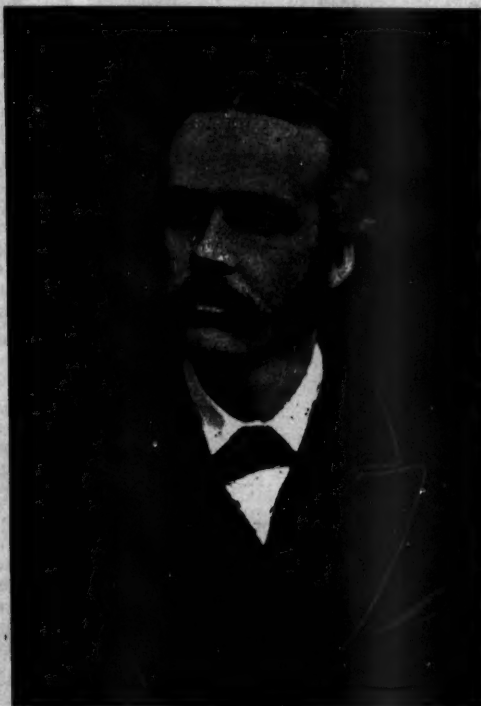
the materials at Brantwood were put at his disposal; letters from Carlyle, the Brownings and others illuminate important chapters, and interesting views of Denmark Hill, Herne Hill, and Coniston Lake (which we reproduce herewith), of old Mr. Ruskin and some of Ruskin's drawings, light up the admirably printed pages. Never before has this nervous, high-strung, audacious, eloquent, inconsequent man been put before the public so completely. Mr. Collingwood does not hesitate to use severe criticism of his hero when the occasion demands it; he cannot blind himself to the hysteria in Ruskin's mental composition, nor to the quick, often unreasoning, Scotch temper of his retorts and controversies, nor to his curious backslidings and self-criticisms. Yet Ruskin emerges a most lovely and lovable home character on the whole; the mystery of his unhappy marriage is laid at other feet than his; his generosity, kindness, humor, placability shine on every page; and the world sees the immature Aristotelian of other days now full of those gentle philosophies and charities which lend a tender benignity to declining years.

Walt Whitman, James Russell Lowell, Charles Kingsley, born in the same year, have gone to their reward; Ruskin and his gracious Queen remain as memorable landmarks of 1819.

The Present State of Literature

MR. BALFOUR'S ADDRESS AT THE 103D DINNER OF THE ROYAL LITERARY FUND

THE RIGHT HON. A. J. BALFOUR'S speech at the 103d anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, in the evening of April 26, has been so much discussed editorially, that we have procured a copy of the *London Times*, giving a full report of his remarks.



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
(From *The Review of Reviews*)

Mr. Balfour, who served as Chairman, opened his address with a eulogy of the late Lord Derby, who had filled the same position during his lifetime. After a few modest words as to his own ability to say anything worth hearing on the subject, he began:—

"We have all felt that the great names which rendered illustrious the early years of the great Victorian epoch are one by one dropping away, and now perhaps but few are left. I do not know that any of us can see around us the men springing up who are to occupy the thrones thus left vacant. I should not venture to say—and indeed I do not think—that we live in an age barren of literature. But none of us will deny that at all events at the present moment we do not see a rising generation of men-of-letters likely

to rival those of old times. I was born, I suppose, too late to join in the full enthusiasm which I have known expressed for the writers whose best works were produced before 1860 or 1870. Personally I have known many who found in the writings of—whom shall I say?—Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning and George Eliot everything that they could imagine or desire, either in the way of artistic excellence, or ethical instruction, or literary delight. I have not myself ever been able to surrender myself so absolutely to the charm and the greatness of these great and charming writers. I have sometimes thought that the age of which I speak may perhaps have been inclined unduly to exalt itself in comparison with that despised century, the eighteenth. Whoever may be right or wrong in these matters, at all events the fact remains that the authors to whom I have alluded would have rendered any reign illustrious; that they have departed; and that we do not at present see among us their successors. It is a most interesting situation, because I am not prepared to admit that we live in an age which bears upon it the marks of decadence. Undoubtedly there is more knowledge of literature, more command of literary technique, both in prose and poetry, at the present moment, than has been often the case, or perhaps ever the case before. You will find a true literary instinct pervading the whole enormous and even overwhelming mass of contemporary literature. Therefore it certainly is not from ignorance nor indifference that the present age fails, if, indeed, I am right in thinking that it does fail.

"Neither has the present age another mark which has been characteristic of previous ages of decadence. There have been periods when the love of literature was very widely spread through the community, when a knowledge of literature and a command of literary forms was prevalent among the educated classes; but when, at the same time, the admiration of past works of genius was so overwhelming that it seemed almost impossible to bring forth new works of genius in competition with them. The old forms, in fact, commanded and mastered whatever imaginative and original genius there may have been at the time of which I am speaking. I do not believe that that is the case now. My own conviction is that at this moment, not only is there no dislike of novelty, not only is there no prejudice in favor of ancient models, but any new thing of any merit whatever is likely to be accepted and welcomed at least at its true value.

"I recollect an artist friend of mine, who had studied for some time in the cosmopolitan studios of Paris, saying that in his opinion we were on the very verge of a great artistic revival. He said that he found among the students with whom he associated such a zeal for art and such a knowledge of art, so great a desire to bring forth some new thing which should be worthy of the everlasting admiration of mankind, that in his judgment it was absolutely impossible that so much talent, so much zeal, and so much readiness to accept new ideas should not ultimately issue in the formation of a great and original school of painting. What he said of painting we may surely say at the present day of literature. It only requires the rise of some great man of genius to mould the forces which exist in plenty around us, to utilize the instruction which we have almost in superabundance, and to make the coming age of literature as glorious or even more glorious than any of those which have preceded it. Whether that genius will arise or not I cannot say. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth.' So it is with genius; and no man can prophesy what is to be the literary future of the world.

"My friend Lord Kelvin has often talked to me of the future of science, and he has said words to me about the future of science which are parallel with the words I have quoted to you about the future of art and with the hope which I have expressed to you with respect to literature. He has told me that to the men of science of to-day it appears as if we were trembling upon the brink of some great scientific discovery which should give to us a new view of the great forces of nature among which and in the midst of which we move. If this prophecy be right, and if the other forecasts to which I have alluded be right, then indeed it is true that we live in an interesting age; then indeed it is true that we may look forward to a time full of fruit for the human race—to an age which cannot be sterilized or rendered barren even by politics.

"But, my Lords and Gentlemen, you will perhaps think—I am afraid you will rightly think—that I have travelled far away from what is, after all, the proper object of our meeting here to-night—namely, the relief of those cases, so far as we can relieve them, of literary distress which we know are too painful and too frequent. For undoubtedly it is not the leaders of literature who, as a rule, stand in need of our assistance, but those men—the second, third and fourth ranks in the great literary army—on whose behalf we are met here to-night. And let us not forget that, whereas in every walk of life and in every industry the harsh laws of supply and demand require to be mitigated and smoothed by the efforts of private charity, this is more true, more sadly true, in the ranks and in

the occupation of literature than it is in any other profession whatever. For, whereas it may be contended that in other walks of life rewards bear some proportion to merit, and that the man who does the best work will receive the greatest remuneration, no man can take that view, I venture to say, of literature. From the nature of the case, that cannot be so, and we know as a matter of fact that it is not so. If we were to endeavor to estimate literary merit by the amount of remuneration given by the publishers to the authors, I suppose that the leaders of our literary academy, if we had a literary academy, would be the gentlemen who produce arithmetics for schools, or tracts for the great societies. But erudition, research and literature are pursued now and have always been best pursued by those who followed them, not for the sake of reward, but for their own sakes; and the necessary and inevitable result of that is, and must always be, that some of those men who by innate vocation and irresistible impulse pursue a literary career do not find in that career, if they start with no means of their own, sufficient reward to enable them to do without extraneous assistance. If that be so, and no man who knows literary history—perhaps the saddest of all histories—will deny it, then I say that the function of this great society yields to none of the charitable institutions of England in the great work which it is called upon to perform.

"I hope that the great meeting we have had to-night may prove to be merely one link in the long chain of such meetings by which for nearly one hundred years the work of this society has been done, and may continue to be done for an indefinite period in the future. I therefore ask you in the highest interests of literature, and in the interests of those maimed and wounded in the service of literature, unanimously to drink the toast of the evening—'Prosperity to the Royal Literary Fund.'"

The New Teachers' College

ON THURSDAY of last week President Hervey of the Teachers' College presented diplomas to the 152 young women graduates of 1893. This was the ninth annual commencement of the College, whose work consists in developing courses of study, co-ordinating these subjects with the other subjects of the curriculum, and training specialists able to undertake the work of supervision in school systems; it also appeals to those teachers of manual training who value the opportunity to study manual training in relation to practical education. The earning capacity of the College is steadily increasing.

At present this work is carried on at 9 University Place; but before the end of 1894 it is hoped the main building of the College's new home will be ready for occupancy. The new buildings will stand on the twenty acres at 120th and 121st Streets, Amsterdam Avenue and the Boulevard, given for the purpose by one of the Directors, Mr. George W. Vanderbilt. For the construction of this building, for which contracts have already been awarded, \$85,000 has been subscribed, and \$40,000 of the vested funds of the College will be used; while \$75,000 more has been promised by friends. Money will soon have to be procured for the erection and equipment of the west wing, at a cost of \$150,000. The picture of the main building presented herewith is reproduced from the New York Times.

Difficult Autograph Hunting

HOW THE AUTHORS CLUB GATHERED 25,000 SIGNATURES FOR ITS BOOK

[The New York Tribune]

WHEN the project of publishing a book of the Authors Club, written by its members, was first discussed, various difficulties in the way of such an undertaking were pointed out. Some said that you could never get the men to write articles for such a work; they would promise to do so, but that would be all. Others declared that even if members sent their contributions, these would be manuscripts that had been rejected by magazines, or such, at least,

as the writer would have difficulty in selling for a good price. Still another fear expressed was that no purchasers could be found for the volume. When it was decided that each author should sign his article or poem in each copy of the book, no one supposed that this would entail any particular difficulty or delay.

The outcome has upset all the forebodings in a striking way, and has also shown that getting the signatures was the most vexatious and hardest task of all. Contributions to the "Liber Scriptorum" were sent to the committee—consisting of Rossiter Johnson, John D. Champlin and George Cary Eggleston—by 100 members, many of them among the best-known writers in the land. What is more, nearly everyone sent something done in his best style or in his happiest vein. All regarded the book as a kind of dress-parade of their talents, and strove to make a creditable and honorable showing. Financially, the book is already an assured success. Enough copies have been subscribed for to meet all the expenses and to leave a surplus of some thousands of dollars. The price (now \$100) is to be raised to \$150 as soon as a small additional number of copies is sold.

The committee have suffered more mental strain in getting the autographs of the writers than in editing all the contributions. In the first place, the members were scattered all over the civilized world. Many who were in the city affixed their autographs to the pages at the De Vinne Press. The edition is of 251 copies, one of which is to remain the property of the club. Mr. Johnson invented a peculiar tin box in which to send the sheets to men who were out of the city. A number of these boxes were sent abroad, and some have been returned with the leaves signed. A few are still out in the wide, wide world.

The committee had to exercise a great deal of ingenuity and energy in some instances. Mr. Johnson learned accidentally in the early spring that one author was to sail the next morning for Europe, his physician having ordered him to make a tour of the Mediterranean countries. All the afternoon and evening the committee-man sought to find his man to get him to sign his article. The search was in vain, however, and the writer sailed. Mr. Johnson sent the sheets to the author's bankers in London, telling them the story, and

asking them to forward the parcel. The tin box at last overtook the traveller at Constantinople, and the sheets were signed, and have set out on their journey homeward.

It was only by a chance that W. J. Stillman, whose home has long been in Rome, received his package of pages. He learned that they had been expressed to him, but was told at the office that they had not arrived. He made persistent inquiry, and finally a parcel, from which the address had been mysteriously erased, was handed to him, the officials not knowing whether it was meant for him or not. The missing sheets were in the package. How the address was effaced Mr. Stillman could not learn.

There was also delay in returning Henry Harland's sheets from Paris, the parcel being detained in the Custom House. Col. John Hay's sonnet, "Euthanasia," is on the other side of the page on which Mr. Harland's poem ends, so he cannot sign it until the committee gets the package again. Before the pages were printed Percival Lowell set out for the interior of Japan, where there is no express service. Here was a quandary. The one way out of the difficulty was for him to leave his signature on 251 bits of paper, which were afterward pasted at the bottom of his poem "Outake." Bronson Howard learned that his sheets were ready when he was in San Francisco and about to sail for Honolulu. Mr. Johnson sent them to Mr. Howard's bankers in San Francisco with a letter of explanation. As there are so few steamers for the Hawaiian Islands, and the playwright's stay there was not to be long, the tin box was not sent across the waters to him. He is back now, and his signed pages are expected daily.

To get Mark Twain's autographs, Mr. Johnson had to employ his best resources. The humorist contributed a capital story, "The Californian's Tale," and his pages were sent to him by express in Florence, Italy; but the day before they arrived there he started for New York. When Mr. Johnson saw him here, Twain



PROPOSED MAIN BUILDING OF THE TEACHERS' COLLEGE

said there was no one in Florence to take charge of the box, and he didn't know what would become of it. Besides, he might start on a journey, perhaps a long one, in a few days, and might be gone for many months. If Mr. Johnson would have a new set of pages printed in three days, he could sign them. If not, why, there was no telling when he could attend to the task. Mr. Johnson waited to hear no more. He had the plates put on the press again, and in two days the new sheets were before Mark Twain. They were signed at once, and the committee were happy. All the contributors, except one or two who are abroad, have now affixed the signatures that give the book its peculiar value—save one. The delinquent's place of business is nearer to the De Vinne Press than that of any other member of the club, and this illustrates once more the well-known fact that to live too near a great thing is to neglect it. In speaking of several contributors who took passage for distant countries without first signing their sheets or sending notice to the committee, Mr. Johnson remarked:—"Those fellows make me feel like a hen that has hatched out ducks."

Recent Fiction (Continued from page 400)

him for a supposed injury. He was filled with remorse afterwards, but he had become so devoted to the boy, he could not give him up. He reared him as his own son, and died leaving him his fortune and his confession. The boy had just come into possession of these facts when he was taken sick, and, believing himself to be dying, he begs De Golyer to go back to Chicago with the papers and present himself as the long-lost son and heir. The dying man thinks it is best for his parents to have a son, and feels that they will not know the difference. The story is interesting to some extent, but too much happens, and it grows tiresome towards the close. It is by Opie Read and is called "The Colossus." (\$1.25. F. J. Schulte & Co.)

"THE STICKIT MINISTER and Some Common Men," by S. R. Crockett, is a volume of short stories of really unusual strength and sweetness. They are Scotch stories and have, it is true, too much of the Scotch dialect; but when one gets over the instinctive prejudice that this fact gives, he is free to enjoy the entirely human interest that pervades them. "The Stickit Minister" gives up his college course, and leaves the world to think that he is too dull to finish it, because his brother must be educated as a physician and there isn't money enough for both. "Accepted of the Beasts" is the story of a young clergyman whom calumny has destroyed and who dies under its weight beloved of the beasts alone—despised and rejected of men. Simple enough these stories appear to be, but they are written with exquisite skill and taste, and are very appealing. (\$1.75. Macmillan & Co.)—ANOTHER VOLUME of short tales by Octave Thanet called "Stories of a Western Town" are quite good also. There is a great deal of pathos in the "Besetment of Kurt Lieders." His attempts to commit suicide are the natural outcome of his having been discharged from the shops whose interests he has wholly at heart and from which he has been dismissed for insubordination. His wife's management of the situation is very clever and very well told. The stories here are good, but a little commonplace when compared with those in the volume mentioned above. (\$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

"BUT MEN MUST WORK," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is a trashy, silly, sentimental love-story, tiresome and dreary while it lasts, and irritating to remember when one is through with it. The author generalizes a little in the beginning, and then gathers up a few threads from a life that she admits most people would think meagre and uninteresting. One would suppose that this view of the case would induce her to desist; but she finally concludes that, as the life of her heroine was lived out moment by moment in fearless simplicity and was to its owner not altogether devoid of pleasurable sensations, it will stand some chance of pleasing the public. The level is low, however, and the interest very feeble. The book is certainly not worth a sustained effort of any kind. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—ANOTHER OF Rosa Nouchette Carey's stories is before us; this time it is a story for little girls and is called "Little Miss Muffet." Miss Muffet is an exceedingly naughty little girl who has tired out the patience of five highly cultivated and lady-like women who have conscientiously tried to earn their large salaries by inculcating in Miss Muffet the tastes and habits of a young gentlewoman. She is rather an attractive little body in spite of all this, however, and her story makes very pleasant reading. (\$1.25. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

MR. ANDREW LANG will follow up the success of his "Red" and "Blue" fairy-books for children this year with a new volume, entitled "The True Story Book." It will be published, as the others were, by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., and is expected in the autumn. The illustrations are to be a feature.

Restraint in Song

"RESTRAIN thy song!" the warning critics cry;
"The jaded bird hath little power to fly."
A word Wise-brains:—can jessed bird soar or sing?
Then give thy song the chance to test its wing!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

London Letter

AN ACTOR has at last been invited to lecture at the Royal Institution. That historic and sometimes over-serious lecture-room has hitherto resounded only to the voice of some eminent man-of-letters, science, or scholarship; and it was no small concession to the increased repute of the actor's art when Mr. Beerbohm Tree took his stand, this week, in the centre of the semi-circular hall, and addressed a company of distinction and fashion. His subject was "The Importance of Imagination in Dramatic Art"; and it will be readily understood that an actor who has so much cultured fancy and finish as Mr. Tree found many interesting and suggestive things to say.

I wish that my space permitted me to make lengthier extracts from his speech; but I cannot resist one quotation from a passage in which he was discussing the impossibility of acquiring ease and self-restraint by artificial means. Mr. Tree said:—

"The first illustration was supplied by an acquaintance, himself a most respectable, not to say eminent, member of society. The boon companion of his college days was an extremely well-regulated but highly intellectual youth, whose one stumbling-block in life was that he could not rid himself of an overpowering self-consciousness. This cast a neutral-tinted gloom over his whole life, and prevented him participating in a convivial spirit at those functions, which I believe are called 'wines'—occasions on which the undergraduate youth reaches those higher altitudes of sentiment, and those depths of philosophical pessimism, which vary with the fluctuations of the alcoholic barometer. He complained that, even on these occasions, his self-consciousness was ever present, reproaching him for the reprehensible condition which he vainly strove to attain. There he sat, a perennial skeleton at the feast. My friend suggested that on the very next opportunity which offered itself he should, by a painstaking assimilation of the grape, make one Herculean effort to rid himself of that chronic self-consciousness which weighed so heavily upon him. The well-regulated youth gave his word of honor that he would yield himself up to the wildest debauchery, and he did. That very night he joined in the revels of his intellectual inferiors. My friend awaited his return in anxious expectation. At 4 A.M. he heard a noise as of someone falling upstairs, and soon his companion appeared in the doorway in an advanced state of alcoholic decomposition. 'Well, have you succeeded?' asked my friend. 'Alas, no,' replied the other; 'my legs are drunk, my tongue is drunk, but I haven't lost my self-consciousness.' The other instance, that of an actor, I am sorry to say, was related to me by the late Mr. Creswick. It was his first engagement, and he was cast for the part of Roderigo in the play of 'Othello.' Student as he was, he watched from the wings the scene between Othello and Brabantio. The latter character was played by an old actor of the sound and furious school. On this occasion he was strangely uncertain in his movements, as well as the words of his part. He had reached the well-known injunction to Othello:—

"Look to her, Moor—have a quick eye to see,
She has deceived her father and may thee."

He stuttered forth something to this effect:—

"Look after her, Othello, keep your eye on her—
She has made a fool of her father and may do the same to you."
He staggered off the stage and, weeping bitterly, fell into young Creswick's arms. 'Young man,' he said, 'let this be a lesson to you. I have been on the stage for forty-five years, and this is the first time I have ever suffered from stage-fright.'

I give this extract for the sake of its pleasantly anecdotic character; but the lecture, of course, sounded deeper recesses of thought, and carried about it much of the stimulating quality of Mr. Tree's personality.

It is not yet announced, but I am able to state, that the long-postponed unveiling of the Shelley Monument at University College, Oxford, will, on the 14th of June, be performed by the venerable Lady Shelley, the daughter-in-law of the poet, and for half a century his untiring champion. Owing to the age and frail health of this lady, the ceremony will be almost a private one; a few leaders of literary opinion and those who are special authorities on Shelley will be the only invited guests. The monument itself was seen in the Royal Academy last year, and is of extraordinary beauty. The sculptor is Mr. Onslow Ford, and it represents the dead body

of the poet, in white marble, supported by an architectural edifice of bronze, in the style of the sixteenth century. The fact is a curious one, that no poet at Oxford has so sumptuous a personal record as is now offered to the singer whom she so rudely humiliated and rejected in 1811.

Of all the great ladies in London society, the one who preserves at this close of the nineteenth century most of the wit and grace of an earlier age is, by general consent, Lady Dorothy Nevill, in whom—so say those who know her best—the blood of the Walpoles runs as it has not done since the days of Horace. I was enabled, by a fortunate indiscretion, to peep at a copy of Mr. Austin Dobson's new edition of his "Life of Horace Walpole" on its way to that lady, and to transcribe from it this epigram of dedication:—

To

LADY DOROTHY NEVILL

"Here is Horace his Life. I have ventured to draw him
As the Berrys, the Conways, the Montagus saw him:
Very kind to his friends, to the rest only so-so,
A Talker, Fine Gentleman, Wit, Virtuoso;
With—running through all his sham-Gothic gimcrackery,
A dash of Sévigné, Saint-Simon, and Thackeray.
For errors of ignorance, haste, execution,
From you, his descendant, I ask absolution."

Finally, since I have already been indiscreet, and have mentioned Lady Dorothy Nevill, I may, perhaps, record another epigram which has been passed from hand to hand this season. On the day of the Private View of the Royal Academy, where there hangs a full-length portrait of Lady Dorothy, unmistakably resembling her, but destitute of all that makes her appearance uniquely charming, she received this anonymous verse:—

"I see the lines of face and hair,—
But not the soul, and not the wit!
The house,—yet with no inmate there,
The altar,—but the fire unlit."

The anonymity was not long preserved, for the handwriting of Mr. Gosse betrayed him.

Next week I hope to have something to say of Mr. Gosse's new volume of essays, to be called "Questions at Issue," which will be published, I understand, on June 6.

LONDON, 2 June, 1893.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

Boston Letter

I MET THE AUTHOR of the new "Life of Sam Houston," last week, being introduced by James Jeffrey Roche, and those who know Mr. Roche can guess the enthusiastic way in which he presented a writer on a subject in which he himself is particularly interested. If there is any man in this world bubbling over with most companionable and enjoyable enthusiasm it is James Jeffrey Roche. His breezy manner is a perfect godsend, on these hot summer days, in waking up animation and vivacity; and the listener who fails to enjoy such an invigorating breath from the East fails to get the best benefits out of life. I think Mr. Roche must have stored away somewhere in the depths of his brain a deep cellar filled with sparkling wines of wit, poetry and conversational spirit—all of them ready to be opened at a moment's notice and served out to his friends, while, like the pitcher of the fable, they remain constantly full and often overflowing.

Mr. Roche, however, is not the one of whom I started to write, but his friend, Mr. Alfred M. Williams. Mr. Williams for twenty years has been thinking and working on this "Life of Sam Houston"; until now his work has taken shape in the publishing-house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and will be published in September. Having lived in Texas and having known Houston and his friends personally, Mr. Williams has abundant acquaintance with local color for his story, while Mr. Roche assures me, from the chapters he has read, that the book, in its fascination of treatment and limpid style, resembles Prescott's works. The author intends it to be popular as well as valuable to students.

In the newspaper world Mr. Williams is best known as the editor, for twenty-five years, of the Providence *Journal*, and the one who swung that formerly stalwart Republican organ over into the Mugwump ranks during the Cleveland campaign. But he has had a wide experience outside of a newspaper office. During the war he was a brave soldier of the 4th Massachusetts, and was one of those who volunteered for the "Fortiori Hope" at Port Hudson—and therefore, it may be said, one of those who now seek from Congress the long-delayed medal promised to the brave boys-in-blue who accepted the words of their commander as a guarantee of the Government on that notable occasion. At the end of the war Mr. Williams was a sergeant. Afterwards he became secretary of the first Indian Territorial Assembly of the Cherokee Nation.

The print department of the Museum of Fine Arts has changed

its summer plan in order to give an exhibition, which will be of more interest to European visitors who are expected to pass through Boston during the coming summer on their way to Chicago. New acquisitions will not be put forth prominently to view; but in their place will be given an exhibition of American relief engravings, intaglio engravings and etchings, illustrating the changes in the historical side of American artistic work. About 600 examples will be shown. Several wood-engravings by Dr. Alexander Anderson, often called the first American wood-engraver, whose years dated from 1775 to 1870, will be shown, together with fine proofs of the work of J. H. Adams, who is taken to represent the second period of the art in America. With these will be exhibited the new school of relief engravings. The list of line engravings goes back to Asher Brown Durand, whose last plate, "Ariadne" (which is in the Museum's exhibit), was published in 1835, and includes a number of selections by Seth Wells Cheney and John Cheney. Among the older examples of the etchings are those of J. G. Chapman and George L. Brown, dating back some forty years. Most of the etchings were produced since that "revival" which resulted in the organization of the New York Etching Club in 1877.

It was rumored last week that Prof. Charles Eliot Norton was to retire from active work at Harvard next year, but I am glad to say that the report has been contradicted. It probably grew from the fact that he is to take next year his regular sabbatical vacation, his course during that time being conducted by Mr. Edward Robinson of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and Assistant-Prof. Charles H. Moore. Prof. Norton will spend his long vacation in Cambridge, and after that will return to lecturing in his Fine Arts and Italian courses.

The *New England Magazine* has met with trouble. Its publishers, Potter & Potter, have assigned, and though it is generally supposed that the magazine will be continued, yet for the present I am given to understand it is problematical who will be its publishers. Potter & Potter not only carried on the magazine, but also a weekly paper in Amesbury, a trade journal in Amesbury, the old *Yankee Blade* and the *Woman's Journal*. They put a great deal of money into the magazine and developed it wonderfully in the line of illustrating, while Mr. Edwin D. Mead ably conducted the editorial part; but for some time there has been more or less complaint that the contributors were not paid, and this was but an indication of the collapse which has now come.

The new statue of William Lloyd Garrison at Newburyport (and, by the way, I may say that there is a great deal of criticism about that statue) is to be unveiled on the 4th of July. I believe that Frederick Douglass was invited to deliver the oration, but declined for some reason or other, and now it is said that Lloyd McKim Garrison of Boston will be invited.

Dr. Francis H. Underwood is to have a consulship again. It will not be his old Glasgow consulship, where he was so successful, but a pleasant place at Leith. The accomplished scholar and author will be missed here, but his social friendships acquired abroad will naturally make it pleasant for him again to cross the water. Certainly no more fitting choice could be made from the literary world for such a position.

BOSTON, 13 June, 1893.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

Chicago Letter

MAJ. JOSEPH KIRKLAND has made another excursion into history of late, and follows up his "Story of Chicago" with a detailed account of the massacre at Fort Dearborn in 1821. He has shown himself skillful many times in the writing of vivid, picturesque narrative, and it is probable that the present volume, which will be published within a fortnight, will display his talents at their very best. Maj. Kirkland has secured an abundance of new material, and not long ago he discovered a son of Capt. Heald, the commander of the fort at the time of the massacre. From him he gained much valuable information, and in the book he has reproduced the stories which Darius Heald learned from his parents. The boy's mother was captured, and he now possesses several of her trinkets which were afterwards recovered from the Indians.

Here is material certainly for a true romance, and of a kind peculiarly fitted to this writer's manipulation. Some of the most vivid pictures that Maj. Kirkland has given us are of battle from the personal standpoint—the point of view of the private soldier. In "The Captain of Company K" he gave one a new impression of the horror of the fight, of the terrible ignorance of the privates in regard to everything but their nearest comrades and opponents, of their blind obedience to orders they could not comprehend. A man's loneliness in the midst of that surging selfish tumult of a crowd is drawn—not tragically, for the Major's touch has always a sense of humor in it—but graphically, picturesquely, with force and freedom. One sees the battle as his "Captain" saw it, no more and no less,—none of its largeness, none of the grandeur of

its magnificent action, but a little corner of the field, where envy and hatred, generosity and courage, have ample opportunities for exhibition. It is this realist's quality of his, this aptitude for presenting an episode as an actor therein might see it, that is Maj. Kirkland's strength in the kind of historical narrative he has just undertaken.

The book is one, too, which it would be well if every visitor to the Fair should read, for the contrast could not well be greater between the Chicago presented there and the city as it appears seventy-two years later. The tragedy of that forlorn little settlement should not be forgotten under the walls of the White City, nor the courage of those dauntless pioneers ignored. Would they have been rewarded for their zeal by a vision of the splendor which their fortitude made possible? Fancy one of them wandering about the city of to-day. This summer it has a freshness, a gayety, a youthful dash and buoyancy hitherto unknown. It is as if a young girl had put away her books and pencils blithely and started out for pure enjoyment of life. The outlook is bright to her; her work is done, she thinks, and nothing is left but to reap the fruits of it. The impression produced by the city, like that made by the debutante, is one of light-heartedness, of eager expectancy, of the beginnings of joy. If Childe Hassam could reproduce Chicago in paint, it would be in gay, sunlit colors, for it is suffused with the atmosphere of revelry. The sky is serene, the lake sparkles with a thousand changing colors, and the streets were never so brilliant as now. The roadways are crowded with dashing turnouts, gallant in all degrees and sizes, from the World's Fair coaches smart in their new trappings to the prettily modest pony-carts; the thronging pedestrians, gathered from all nations, give back the flash of an Oriental costume here and there,—everywhere is life, activity, excitement. It is an unresting, tempestuous sea; but it has the charm of the sea with the sun on it, its variety of color under flying clouds.

And society in Chicago has been born again. Here, too, the beauty of the White City has transfigured her elder sister, has given her a fresh, youthful ardor for the lightest frivolities, the most ephemeral gayety. The literary clubs, the lectures and addresses, so recently her pride and delight, have sunk into obscurity, and her attention is occupied at present with dining and wining, with the entertainment of Dukes and Princesses and of guests less widely heralded. Like the true American girl she is, she rises to this occasion as to every other, and no one will complain of meagreness in her hospitality. Social functions large and small have greatly changed in character; teas are not the tasteless things they once were, and dinners are no longer formidable and dull. The novelty of the foreign element lends freshness to the stalest form of entertainment; for cosmopolitanism reigns, and Frenchmen, Italians, Englishmen and Germans are more easily found than Americans.

Indeed, this new social life is the triumph of man, for it is he who has turned cosmopolite, he who has emerged from the chrysalis winged and resplendent. The example of the aliens has influenced even the hard-working men of affairs of this busy city, and this summer at least they are taking life more easily and seeing its opportunities for pleasure far more graciously. They give up a day now and then to enjoyment, sometimes they can drink a cup of tea of an afternoon, and they have even been known to give breakfasts on extraordinary occasions, to which women also were asked. They are in fact a part of society now, where they formerly stood aloof or condescended once in a while to look in upon it. It may be the sense of leisure and merriment that is in the atmosphere which has caused this transformation, or it may be a sudden realization that they must look to their fences or the invading hordes will trample down the fair fields of grain which they, not having sown, yet hoped to reap. But they are late. The presence of the Europeans is already necessary to the success of an entertainment, and they are to the manner born. They like it, but, nevertheless, the American girl is not always to their taste, as one little story will abundantly prove. A particularly frank young woman, tall and handsome, was fated to meet Russians only during one eventful evening. She kept her tongue under control until she came to one of the number whose piercing black eyes were so aggressive that she was provoked into telling him how terrible she thought his government and what a blot Siberia. In an instant the lightnings were unleashed upon her, and the black eyes shot flame as the Russian drew himself proudly up and hissed out, "Mademoiselle, I love my country as much as you love yours." He threw forward his long narrow head as he spoke, and then rushed away, leaving the young woman to remorseful meditations.

But it is rare that the harmony is thus disturbed; the wheels move easily as a rule, and Chicago is peacefully amalgamating its invaders. If Capt. Heald in the old Fort Dearborn days could only have entertained as lavishly the Indians who came to scoff, they, too, might have remained to pray.

CHICAGO, 13 June, 1893.

LUCY MONROE.

The Lounger

"THE MOTTO adorning the letter-paper of 'The Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition,' which excites the Lounger's mirth, is fraught with hope and consolation for some of us," writes Mary Emily Case, from Wells College. "'Not things, but men'; these strenuous advocates of the 'cause' of woman do still, then, recognize 'a man and a brother.' What with woman's journals and woman's clubs, woman's colleges and woman's departments, woman's this and woman's that, we were beginning to fear entire exclusion from the human family. Hath not a woman eyes? Hath not a woman hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? We seem in danger of forgetting that a woman is a human being first and a woman afterwards. The newspapers gravely state that the Woman's Congress will discuss 'all subjects that are of interest to women.' Here is the place to laugh, light-minded Lounger, if you please. There is no one-sex point of view for any subject. As things are going at present, however, we may expect to see taught in our woman's colleges a woman's geometry, in which the sum of the angles of a triangle is other than three right-angles, or a logic specially adapted to one sex, in which, perhaps, the middle term need not be distributed.

"WHY DO WE HAVE books about celebrated women?" my correspondent continues. "If any woman has done anything which entitles her to distinction as a poet, a scientist, an artist, a philanthropist, let her be mentioned among poets, scientists, artists, or philanthropists. If her work does not entitle her to such rank, there is no occasion to speak of her at all. Why a woman's building at the Columbian Exposition? If a woman has painted a picture, or invented a machine, or executed any other work which is worthy of exhibition, let it be exhibited in its proper place beside all other works of the kind. If it is not worth showing as work, but only as woman's work, it is not worth showing at all. The fact is that we are going too far in this matter. In seeking to honor woman by these emphatic distinctions we are dishonoring her. Let woman have a place, by all means. Let her have every place she wants; but let it not be a separate place. It is a disgrace, not an honor, to have one's work judged by a special standard."

I FOUND A MAN chuckling over one of the latest catalogues of Mr. Sotheran, the London bookseller. "What's the joke?" I asked him. "Look at this," he replied, pointing to the following entry:—"325. Longfellow, (H. W.) 'Three Books of Song.' First edition. 12 mo. Original cloth. Scarce. 5/ 5s. Boston (Mass.), 1872." "Well," I repeated, "what's the joke?" "The joke is," the chuckler answered, "that I have three copies of that book, 'first edition, original cloth,' etc., for which I gave in all, at different times and places, about \$1. The volume is worth to-day, in America, about fifty cents; yet this dealer calmly asks his English patrons considerably over \$25 for it." Having had the joke explained to me, I forgave the expert's chuckle.

ONE OF MY readers sends me the following note:—"The Boston Journal and The Book Buyer have both printed recently a table of matron and spinster authors, with the aim of refuting the assertion, which is sometimes made, that a literary career renders young women averse to matrimony. We are given two columns of authoresses, the first (much the longer) containing the names of married women, while the second is devoted to unmarried women. But the writer weakens his argument by putting at least two matrons in the spinster list. I refer to Elizabeth Oakes Smith and Ethel Mackenzie McKenna—not McKennie, as *The Book Buyer* prints it—both of whom are married, the former being a grandmother, if I am not mistaken. The latter, by the way, is a daughter of the late Sir Morrell Mackenzie, which should have prevented the blunder here pointed out."

MY CORRESPONDENT might have added to the list of matrons named among the spinsters Florence Earle Coates, Jeannette H. Walworth, "The Duchess," who is Mrs. Hungerford; John Strange Winter, who is Mrs. Stannard; Laura E. Richards and Augusta Evans Wilson. How many more there may be, wrongly classified, I do not know. The list of matrons might have been even further strengthened by the name of Mrs. Burton Harrison, who does not figure in either. Grace Denio Litchfield is placed among the married women, but I do not think correctly.

PROF. JEBB, M.P., who is better known in this country as a Greek scholar than as a politician, made a capital suggestion in a short speech at the Royal Literary Fund banquet. "Literature" was the toast Prof. Jebb was chosen to speak to, and in responding he said that he could have wished that instead of words, which at the best

could only attempt to express the feelings of an individual, there should have been, in responding to this toast, an interval of silence, during which each person present should be invited to think of the book or books which had given him most pleasure, and which for him represented the power of literature. It was in silence that we were accustomed to receive a toast dedicated to the memory of departed worth; would it be unfitting that in silence we should honor the memory of the immortals, or the names of those who, while still with us, were destined to achieve imperishable fame?

ONLY THINK of the tiresome speeches this would save us from! The toast-master would arise in all the dignity of his office and say:—"Gentlemen, I have the honor to propose the name of William Shakespeare; let us think of his genius for fifteen minutes." Then, glass in hand and segar in mouth, the banqueters would sit silent and think. But would they think of Shakespeare? I am afraid the thoughts of the younger generation would wander to their Dulcineas and those of the older generation to the fluctuations of the stock market. Nothing but a rousing speech can hold the after-dinner attention of the average American. There would be many a nodding head before fifteen silent minutes had elapsed, even at an English dinner-table.

THE LATEST NEW periodical to flutter across the ocean is *The Butterfly*. It is a sixty-four paged (or winged) affair, shaped like Barbara Allen's grave. "A humorous and artistic monthly," it calls itself; yet I have looked in vain through its pages for either humor or art. I could say much on the subject of this new ephemeron; but what is the use of breaking a butterfly?

MR. I. ZANGWILL, who conducts a serio-comic department in Mr. Astor's magazine, writes thus of Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Agnostic's Apology" in the June *Pall Mall*:—"Mr. Stephen's 'Apology' takes the shape of a big volume of over three hundred pages. When I had come to the end I murmured automatically, 'Don't mention it.' This was only the result of my inborn amiability, for if I had spoken my mind I should have said I had heard that excuse before. Mr. Stephen's style is of course delightful, and he is almost as sober a thinker as Pearson the Prophet; but his message is as belated as Robert Elsmere's. He does not add anything new to our ignorance of God."

MR. ZANGWILL is grateful to Mr. Stephen for putting "his doubts into a treatise instead of a novel." "A novel," says he, "like a metaphor, proves nothing. It is merely a vivid pictorial presentation of a case. I have just read one novel showing that a couple who skip the marriage ceremony cannot be happy ever after, and another showing that marriage is the one drawback to a happy union. In reality both novels prove the same thing—that the author is a fool." Mr. Zangwill is, perhaps, aware that he has just said that a novel proves nothing!

CRITICS, WHETHER of books or other wares, seem to be a thorn in the flesh of certain Londoners. Now here is Mr. Irving speaking his mind about the dramatic critics, whom he calls "independent spirits, who unmake old ideals and create new standards by a stroke of the pen, and who amuse their intervals of leisure by tracing the philosophy of impressionism to the eccentricities of digestion." And yet where would Mr. Irving be to-day if the critics had left him severely alone? I suppose what the criticised mean, when they rail at the critics, is that they object to any criticism except that which names them but to praise. It is a peculiarity of the criticised that they want to impress you with the fact that they are fair-minded by always beginning a complaint with the statement, "I do not object to criticism, but," etc. What they mean is, "I do object to criticism, and that is all there is about it." It would be refreshing to hear this said occasionally. That all authors and actors do not object to criticism is proved by the letters received at this office, in which certain persons who have been criticised have written to thank their anonymous critics, and to say that the errors pointed out will be corrected. One such letter came from one of *The Critic's* own reviewers, whose book had been placed for notice in the hands of a man no less eminent than himself in the scientific world.

THE AMERICAN FASHION, or perhaps I should say the American newspaper fashion, of prefixing men's occupations to their names as though they had been given in baptism was never better illustrated than in the advertisement this month of a periodical which "offers pen-pictures of Ambassador Bayard, Millionaire Mackay, Composer Verdi, and Editor Burnand." Another well-known periodical speaks in its "editor's sheet" of "Artist Blum." Why not Artist-Author Blum? I expect before long to read of Would-be-Suicide Brown, and Mrs. Divorcée Smith.

Mr. Stevenson on Himself and His Contemporaries

A REPRESENTATIVE of the enterprising *Westminster Budget* caught Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson at Sydney, and subjected him to the exhaust-pump of interviewing. Mr. Stevenson was most amiable, and gave the interviewer a note-bookful of interesting "copy."

At the age of twenty-five Mr. Stevenson wrote "An Inland Voyage," which he calls his first book, and this is what he says of its evolution:—

"I had been on a little trip, and had kept a diary, and, as I was getting up in life, I thought I would try and see if I could not write a volume instead of articles for the magazines. I wrote it, and it afforded me a great deal of enjoyment, but I had some doubts as to its future. Then the point came whether I could get any money for it. I found a publisher who offered to bring the book out for me on a royalty. But my means were not sufficiently great to allow me to entertain this offer. And I said I was quite certain I could make 20s. by breaking it up into articles. I wanted 20s. down, and at last I got it. The book came out, it was well reviewed, and," he added, smiling, "I wish I could write as prettily now. That was in '76."

"I inherit my taste for story-telling from my father, who used to tell a story every night before he went to bed. And I have done the same every night. But I learned to write fiction very slowly. My first volume of fiction was 'The New Arabian Nights,' and my first success—a most unexpected success—was 'Treasure Island.' Of course, by far the most successful of my stories is 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'"

"And this," I said, "is primarily an allegory."

"Yes," he replied, "an allegory dealing not wholly with the good and evil principles in man's nature, though that is the most dramatic side of it. The idea has always been borne in upon me that man has not one but several conscious centres, and the medical profession even took up the idea. Many of the public don't see the allegory. I would set no limits to the stupidity of the public!"

Mr. Stevenson was thirty-three years of age before he could make a living with his pen. But for his father, he says he would have starved. When the interviewer asked him why he didn't try journalism, he replied:—"Of course, I might have made a living at journalism; but—thank God!—I did not fall into that trap."

"Do you consider journalism a trap?" I asked. "Some say it is the way to success in literature."

"No, it certainly is not," he said. "Journalism is the school of cheap finish. I am a wretched journalist."

"ELBOW-GREASE" A SECRET OF SUCCESS

"I am a laborious writer," he added. "I begin work every day at six o'clock. I have a theory that no one should write more than three hours a day, but I often work all day long. I find, however, that after three hours my work falls below the mark. I write my chapters over time after time, and sometimes of a whole day's work not a sentence will stand. In the first place I draw out a skeleton of a story, but that is likely to be changed. I have been three weeks before now over a single chapter. Anthony Trollope used to write a certain fixed amount every day, whether he was in the vein or not, but this was very disrespectful to his art and to his reader. The wonder is that he so often got hold of such good stuff! When I am making a point I try to do it in the smallest possible space. I do not think a reader should be expected to plod through pages of print to find out what I mean. The great difficulty I have is in compressing my matter."

"And the secret of much of your success is, then—"

"Elbow-grease!" he interjected. And, after a pause, in which I wondered how labor could have had anything to do with that magical literature in which there is no halting, and the shadow of dulness never crosses our path, he continued:—"I can always tell when an author does not write over and over again. The most rapid and fluent writer cannot arrange the mass of material that goes to make up a book without having it out of order here and there. Order is the basis, the charm and the end of literature. Literature is an art that takes place in time. Therefore, the main point is to be certain that you have everything in the proper order. That you can never get at the first shot. That is my experience. Only this morning I was reading over the manuscript of a scene in a story, when I found out it was not true to human nature. I could not follow the idea. It would not join on. Yet all I made the characters say I believed to be right at the time of writing. But after gloomily reading and re-reading it over four or five times, I detected the flaw. An act of one of the characters had come before something else, and rendered his subsequent conduct impossible. If in literature a man has every word and every sentence and every subject in the right order, and has no other gift, he will

be a great writer. His clauses may be unmusical, his words colorless and inexpressive, and yet, if the order is perfect throughout, he will be a great writer."

MR. HARDY AND MR. RUDYARD KIPLING

"And the society novel of to-day, what can we say of it?"

"I don't think I ever read it. What novels do I read? I read Meredith, of course," he said, "and Henry James. I read Hardy, but I could not manage 'Tess.' I found it in flagrant contradiction of all I know of human nature."

"And yet the critics praise it?"

"And you—what do you think of it?"

"I must confess I have not read the whole book."

"Nor I. I could not get through it. But there is much of Hardy that I read with great delight."

"Of course you read Kipling?"

"Yes, he is a wonderfully clever fellow." And, laying down a glass of claret which he was sipping, Mr. Stevenson added:—

"There is a lot of the living devil in Kipling. It is his quick pulse beating that gives him a position very much apart. Even with his love of journalistic effect and other defects, there is a tide of life in it all. And he has done some very striking things. The whole picture of the battle in 'The Drums of the Fore and Aft' is a capital achievement. Take another story. It is one in which there is a description of three men in the hot weather in India, who are suffering from insomnia. What is it called? 'At the End of the Passage,' I think. It is spoilt, to my mind, by the stuff about the kodak and the image on the dead man's pupil. But the picture of the man suffering from insomnia is fascinating and stirring beyond conception."

The Fine Arts

Macmonnies's Nathan Hale

MR. MACMONNIES'S statue of Nathan Hale, which was to have been unveiled on June 8, is still at Mr. St. Gaudens's Studio, 148 W. 36th Street. It is to stand on the spot where it is believed Hale was executed by the New York Tories, in City Hall Park, facing Chambers Street. The statue is of bronze, larger than life, and shows the young patriot erect but bound hand and foot with cords. The sculptor, who is a pupil of Mr. St. Gaudens, and who has designed much of the ornamental statuary at the World's Fair, has produced an excellent figure, which will add to his reputation and to the short list of really creditable statues owned by the city. The figure is, of course, ideal, there being no portrait available, and may be taken as representing patriotic young America and as evidence of the artist's ability to deal with types of character. The last century costume, with its ruffles and knee-breeches, has afforded him an opportunity for picturesque modelling of which he has availed himself with moderation; the distant effect will doubtless be much enhanced by the pedestal, which will be ornamented, like an antique altar, with ox-skulls and festoons in bronze. The pedestal will also have tablets bearing inscriptions, one recording Hale's last words, "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country," and the other the fact that the statue has been erected by the Sons of the Revolution.

The Astor Memorial Doors at Trinity

OF THE BRONZE DOORS presented to Trinity Church by Mr. William Waldorf Astor in memory of his father, those in the north and south porches, the work of Mr. J. M. Rhind and Mr. C. Niehaus, are ready to be put in position. Mr. Carl Bitter, who has the panels for the central doorway in hand, has been unable to complete them in time to have the doors to which they belong hung with the rest. All the doors are double, and each leaf has three rectangular panels set in a severely simple frame of bronze, which isolates each composition completely and imposes no conditions of style on the sculptor. One of the greatest difficulties of such works has thus, perhaps luckily, been avoided. The two doors that are finished show little sign of ability on the part of the sculptors to treat a large decorative *ensemble*; but both show themselves quite competent to fill agreeably a series of small panels, in each of which they have been free to do as they chose, without any more regard to the rest than is implied in keeping each to a certain scale and a certain method of treatment. Mr. Rhind's subjects symbolize the history of the Church in scenes from the Old and New Testaments. At the bottom we have a figure of the rite of consecration in the Hebrew marking the lintel of his door with blood, while the angel flies past on his mission of destruction to the first-born of Egypt. A fugitive claiming the right of sanctuary, according to the Hebrew law, is the subject of the companion panel. The four upper panels deal with the story of St. Peter, and with his exercise of the power of miraculous healing, his miraculous escape from prison, his legen-

dary turning back to Rome, and his work of conversion in that city. All of these compositions are well-balanced, and, taken separately are agreeable decorations; but the proportions of the figures are rather elongated, and their action is lifeless and automatic.

Mr. Niehaus has had the difficult task of representing in his six panels scenes from the history of the Protestant Church in New York; Hendrik Hudson discovering the island of Manhattan; Dr. Barclay preaching to the Indians; Gen. Washington going to church at St. Paul's; a consecration of Bishops at St. Paul's; the consecration of Trinity, itself; and the dedication of the *reded* which the father and uncle of the present donor gave to the Church in memory of their father, William B. Astor. He has treated these subjects in a rather pictorial fashion, giving much attention to the architectural backgrounds, and grouping his little ecclesiastical and military figures very freely. As a result, his work is cut up with a lot of little glancing lights and sharp shadows, and it needs all the strength of Mr. Hunt's strong and simple mouldings to hold it together. But, considered in detail, it is spirited and clever.

It may be hoped that Mr. Bitter will in the central doors avoid the faults of his two co-laborers, and produce a work at once effective as decoration and expressive as becomes its place.

Death of Mr. Feuardent

MR. GASTON L. FEUARDENT, the archaeologist and numismatist, who was the first to call attention to the unscientific condition of the valuable Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities in the Metropolitan Museum, died last Monday at his home in this city. His natural taste and skill in matters of archaeology and art had been so developed by the studies of a lifetime, that his word carried weight in the councils of amateurs and professional students. Mr. Feuardent was born near Cherbourg fifty years ago. Before coming to this country in 1876, he had represented in London the well-known Paris house of Rollin & Feuardent. In 1877 he became a member of the Numismatic Society of New York. Lieut. Commander Goringe submitted to him the Greek inscriptions, with the coins found at or near the Alexandrian obelisk now in Central Park, and he presented the best monograph on the subject which is known. His attempt to open the eyes of the Directors of the Metropolitan Museum to the character of the Cesnola antiquities injured his business to such an extent that he may fairly be considered a martyr to the cause of art and archaeology in this city. One of the most widely copied articles ever printed in *The Critic* was Mr. Feuardent's "Millet on Nature in Art" (29 July 1882). The writer, in his boyhood, had known the famous artist well.

Architectural Designs at Columbia

A VERY SATISFACTORY exhibition of designs by the students of the Architectural Department of Columbia College was held in the early part of the week. The problems placed before the designers called, for the most part, for monumental treatment, and most of the designs were therefore in classic or Renaissance styles. A "Public Bath and Wash-House for the Tenth Ward of New York City," by E. Raymond Bossange, showed a long Italian façade with a roof-garden; a "Club-House," by M. T. Reynolds, was also in the Italian Renaissance, and had for principal feature a loggia immediately under its red-tiled roof; a "Bank Building," by J. P. Oakes, was rather severely classical; and a "Public Library," by W. Simpson Correll, had two long wings unprovided with any sort of terminal masses. The absence of any wilful striving after mere novelty or picturesqueness was strong evidence that the school is being directed in the right way.

Art Notes

THE Summer Loan Exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened to the paying public on Monday next. The Belmont collection, loaned in its entirety by its present owners, Perry Belmont, August Belmont and Oliver H. Belmont, will occupy two large galleries, where the public will have the only opportunity to see it before its division. There will also be selections from the collections of Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Henry G. Marquand, Samuel P. Avery, C. P. Huntington, and others. The Gibbs portrait of General Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, is loaned by Mr. Samuel P. Avery. There will also be exhibited decorated Chinese porcelains from the collection of Jas. A. Garland, and Chinese and Japanese works in bronze and iron from the collection of Heber R. Bishop. Messrs. Louis C. Tiffany, Lockwood De Forest, Henry Sampson, and many others have contributed rare and beautiful tapestries and porcelains.

—At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Sculpture Society, last Thursday evening, the following officers were elected for the first year:—J. Q. A. Ward, President; Richard M. Hunt, First

Vice-President; Richard W. Gilder, Second Vice-President; Charles DeKay, Treasurer, and W. Wellington Ruckstuhl, Secretary. The offer of the Fencers' Club to let the Society use its rooms at 37 West 22d Street for its monthly meetings was accepted.

—Among the pictures in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington is one by David Cox of England, once considered a successful rival of Turner. It came to its present owner, Mr. Charles Lanman, from an Englishman, who purchased it of the artist in England. The title of this work is "Near Atherstone, Yorkshire"; it is in water-colors, and measures only 22 inches in length. A picture painted by the same artist in the same year, entitled "Peace and War," and only 24 inches in length, was sold in London in 1872, at auction, for the sum of \$18,000.

—Mr. John W. Alexander, the American portrait-painter, has been elected an Associate of the Champ de Mars Salon on his first exhibit. Several of his pictures won distinction at the last Salon.

—At a "summer exhibition" at the Fifth Avenue Art-Galleries may be seen a considerable number of works by Mr. George Inness, Sr.; water-colors and oil-paintings—views in Ceylon and Japan—by Mr. John La Farge; two or three remarkable landscapes by the late Alexander Wyant; and a number of other interesting pictures, besides some Greek iridescent glass, vases and terracottas. At the Holbein Galleries another "summer exhibition" includes fresh works by Mr. Charles C. Curran, J. Carroll Beckwith, William A. Coffin and Miss Lydia Field Emmett.

Notes

MR. WALTER CRANE is illustrating a new edition of Mrs. DeLond's "The Old Garden, and Other Verses." This delightful book has frequently been illustrated by its owners, but not before for the public.

—Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has written another Polynesian story. It is entitled "The Go-Betweens," and will be published in *The Illustrated London News*. Sir John Thurston denies that he ever had any intention of deporting Mr. Stevenson from Samoa, notwithstanding that he is by no means pleased with the writer's political attitude in the island.

—Mr. R. D. Blackmore's new novel, "Perlycross," is begun in the June *Macmillan's*. It is a tale of rural England in the early part of the present century.

—Harper & Bros. publish this week William Black's "Judith Shakespeare" in the edition in which Mr. Black's earlier novels have appeared; "Heather and Snow," a story of Scotch peasant life, by Dr. George MacDonald; "Everybody's Book of Correct Conduct," by Lady Colin and M. French Sheldon; and "The Decision of the Court," a one-act comedy, by Brander Matthews, in the Black and White series.

—Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist who accompanied the late Theodore Child on the journey in which that writer lost his life, has prepared for *Harper's Monthly* three articles on that expedition, which he calls "From the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf."

—The curious beast on the cover of Mr. Kipling's volume of new stories, "Many Inventions," is from his father's "Man and Beast in India." Every inscription on the beast is a prayer.

—Macmillan & Co. announce that Prof. Goldwin Smith is writing a work in two parts and volumes dealing with the "Political History of the United States," the first volume of which they will probably publish in the fall.

—The interest in Mr. Watson's work shows no sign of declining, and first editions of his poems, says *The Bookman*, command high sums, especially in America, where he is having quite a "boom." A London bookseller "received recently from America a commission for a complete set of Mr. Watson's 'first editions,' with instructions to pay as much as 50*l.* for the set, if necessary."

—Signora Duse has won another triumph in London as Nora in Ibsen's "Doll's House." She presented the character in a new light to an English audience, giving a less harrowing and more graceful picture of the heroine.

—The Dean of Westminster has consented that a medallion of Jenny Lind shall be placed in the Abbey near Handel's monument. The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Stainer, Prof. James A. Froude and others signed the requisition.

—Many actors and managers and several men-of-letters attended the funeral of Edwin Booth at the Church of the Transfiguration—"the Little Church around the Corner"—on Friday of last week. Mr. Booth's own club, The Players, sent a very large delegation of its members; and by its invitation, Mr. Clement Scott, dramatic critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, attended as

the representative of the English profession generally. In conducting the service, Bishop Potter was assisted by the Rev. Dr. George H. Houghton, the rector of the church, and the Rev. C. W. Bispham of Washington. The pallbearers were Joseph Jefferson, A. M. Palmer, ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, Eastman Johnson, Horace Howard Furness, William Bispham and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Among the writers present were Edmund C. Stedman, George E. Woodberry, Brander Matthews, Richard W. Gilder and Lieut. Kelley.

—Messrs. Pach Bros. send us a copy of their excellent photograph of Princess Eulalia, taken during H.R.H.'s recent sojourn in this city.

—Ferdinand Brunetière, the critic and author, was elected a member of the French Academy on June 8 by twenty-two votes to four votes for M. Zola. M. Brunetière was born at Toulon in 1849, and seven years ago was appointed Assistant Professor of the French Language and Literature in the Superior Normal School. He has written various works on the history of French literature and kindred subjects.

—The graduating class at Harvard has been pleased at the acceptance of its invitation to the Rev. Dr. William S. Rainsford of this city, to deliver the baccalaureate sermon to-morrow.

—At the recent graduation exercises of the University of London eighty women (one-third of the whole number of graduates) took the B.A. degree. A woman, Miss Mary Pulling, was first in the honors list of three faculties, Mental and Moral Science, English, and French. Women also contributed their quota to the medical list, three of them passing in the M.D. examinations, and seven securing the M.B. degree.

—By the will of the late Mrs. John C. Green of this city, the Lawrenceville (N. J.) School receives \$100,000.

—There will be prize-speaking by students of the City College at Chickering Hall on Monday evening June 19, and Commencement exercises will be held at Music Hall next Thursday evening.

—Referring to the reply in *The Critic* of May 20 to his letter in our issue of May 13, Mr. Andrew Lang writes to us from London, under date of May 29, as follows:—"Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. say that they 'did what has often been done before,' when they made two statements not founded on facts. Indeed, I never asserted that was an original frolic of these gentlemen: the invention of this method is attributed, by Oriental mythology, to the Asuras. In this case it needed a good deal of assurance to say that a man wrote a book containing a laudatory letter to himself. I am not Mr. Toots, and when Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are next in doubt as to the authorship of an anonymous work, perhaps they will not venture on a baseless assertion. It has 'been done' often enough."

—Apropos of the unveiling of the Oxford monument to Shelley this week (see London Letter, page 404), it may be noted that the contemplated memorial library at Horsham, near the poet's birth-place, will not be founded, the project having failed to win financial support. The scheme has therefore been abandoned, and it is now proposed that the \$1500 actually raised should be devoted to the endowment of an annual prize for English literature at the Horsham Grammar School.

—The venerable Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Va., where Prof. James A. Harrison is revising a fourth edition of his "Beowulf," has just held its closing exercises for the year.

—Mrs. W. K. Clifford, whose stories are as popular in this country as in England, is giving her whole attention at present to novel-writing. One of her stories has already been dramatized as a "curtain-lifter." Mrs. Clifford has accepted an offer to write a number of short stories for *The Pall Mall Budget*, while Mr. Hall Caine, who has taken up his residence at Greeba Castle, in the Isle of Man, is writing an article on the Russian Jews for *The Pall Mall Magazine*. Mr. Caine's new novel, it is said, will be published in the London *Queen*.

—Prof. Charles A. Briggs will soon issue through the Scribners a pamphlet containing his defence before the General Assembly that recently found him a heretic.

Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Balmforth, R. The New Reformation. \$1.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bangs, J. K. Toppleton's Client. \$1.	C. L. Webster & Co.
Benson, R. M. The Divine Exodus. Part II. \$1.75.	Longmans, Green & Co.
Blake, W. Writings of. Selected by L. Housman. \$1.75.	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Bloodgood, J. D. Personal Reminiscences of the War. \$1.	Hunt & Eaton.
Bourdillon, F. W. Sursum Corda.	London: T. F. Unwin.
Braddon, M. E. All Along the River. \$1.	Cassell Pub. Co.
Brooks, H. S. A Catastrophe in Bohemia and Other Stories. \$1.	C. L. Webster & Co.

- Bryce, L. Friends in Exile. \$1.
Burns, R. La Vie et les Oeuvres de. Ed. par A. Angellier. 2 tomes.
Caroli G. The Algerian Slave.
Columbian Lunar Annual, 1893. 25c.
Design Argument Fallacies. 25c.
Did Francis Bacon write "Shakespeare"?
Eschenbach, M. E. von. The Two Countesses. Tr. by Mrs. Waugh. 50c.
Fuller, J. G. Hearts and Coronets. 30c.
Goodchild, J. A. Lyrics. 25c.
Graetz, H. History of the Jews. Vol. II. \$3.
Handbook of the World's Columbian Exposition. 25c.
Heilprin, A. The Arctic Problem.
Hodson, J. M. How to Begin to Live Forever. 60c.
Horace, Satires and Epistles of. Ed. by J. H. Kirkland. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.20.
How Should the English Language be Taught?
Johnson, C. F. Progressive Lessons in Needlework. 95c.
Casell Pub. Co. 2 tomes.
Parist: Hachette & Cie.
Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Boston: Post-Lore Co.
Truth Seeker Co.
London: Robt. Banks & Son.
Tr. by Mrs. Waugh. 50c.
Casell Pub. Co.
Robt. Honner's Sons.
London: Horace Cox.
Phila.: Jewish Pub. Society.
Rand, McNally & Co.
Phila.: Contemporary Pub. Co.
A. D. F. Randolph & Co.
Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.
D. C. Heath & Co.
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Kipling, R. Many Inventions.
Madan, F. Books in Manuscript.
Miller, G. A. Determinants. 10c.
Monroe, H. The Columbian Ode. 25c.
Moore, G. Modern Painting. 25c.
Notley, F. E. M. Olive Varcoe.
Oliphant, Mrs. Thomas Chalmers. \$1.
Piepenbring, C. H. Theology of the Old Testament. Tr. by H. G. Mitchell. \$1.75.
Putnam, S. P. Religion a Curse, Religion a Disease, Religion a Lie. 25c.
Schouler, J. Thomas Jefferson. \$1.
Scott, W. A. Repudiation of State Debts. \$1.50.
Spencer, H. Principles of Ethics. Vol. II. \$2.
Stratenus, L. Suspected.
Thompson, E. M. Handbook of Greek and Latin Palaeography.
Troppe, A. Phineas Finn. 3 vols. \$3.75.
Watson, A. C. Dorothy the Puritan. \$1.
Where to Go Abroad. Ed. by A. R. H. Moncreiff. \$1.25.
D. Appleton & Co.
London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.
Chicago: W. J. Way & Co.
Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Rand, McNally & Co.
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